THE MIDI

63

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THE
HAHNEMANN
MEDICAL COLLEGE
& HOSPITAL
OF
PHILADELPHIA
THE MEDIC
1963

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THE MEDIC

1963

yearbook of the hahnemann medical college

volume thirty-seven

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This,
the thirty-seventh edition of The Medic
is presented, in token,
to

Alice C. Britt, B.S. in Ed.
Registrar

on the occasion of her retirement
from service to this institution,

in recognition of
her many kindnesses and considerations,
her unfailing loyalty and friendship,
her constant honesty and pleasantness,
her perpetual reassurance and encouragement,
and her continual assistance and support,
throughout many years of devotion,

by us,
students of medicine
of
The Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital of Philadelphia,

with our utmost admiration,
our heartfelt gratitude,
and our fondest personal regards.

portant, a certain *esprit* has been encouraged, one which can provide a wholesome impetus for the furtherment of Medicine among all those individuals who comprise our staff and student body, such that each might remain, ideally, a Student of Medicine. With these achievements in mind, we have found grounds for an enthusiastic outlook in regarding our Alma Mater, and we hope this has become an innate part of the evolved substance of our yearbook; perhaps, if any theme now permeates the contents of this volume, it might be described: *Hahnemann, a time of change.*

The Medic 1963 will be found to coincide more closely with the definition of a "classbook" than that of a "yearbook," since we have intended it to be a chronicle of the Class of 1963; rather than following the life of this medical school for one year, we have chosen to follow our own lives during our four years at Hahnemann. We feel justified in this intent, for the reminiscences contained in a school annual traditionally belong to the members of the graduating class, who will carry them away from their school to be pondered and reflected upon in the future as the last remnants of an experience that filled not a small part of their lives. We, therefore, mean to catalog herein those memories and occurrences which we feel played important roles in our *experience*, those which we feel warrant being borne away as important facets of our lives. Should the syntax appear occasionally blunt, or the graphic arrangement unusual, we feel them more than justified if they manage successfully to convey our intentions in an aesthetically appealing way.

We hope *The Medic 1963* at least partially fulfills our objective of presenting as well as possible an introspective and realistic reflection of four years which have added the initials *M.D.* after our names; four years in which we have become wiser, in which we have become much older; four years in which, let it be hoped, we have learned something about *H. sapiens*, something more than the sum of the total of his component parts.

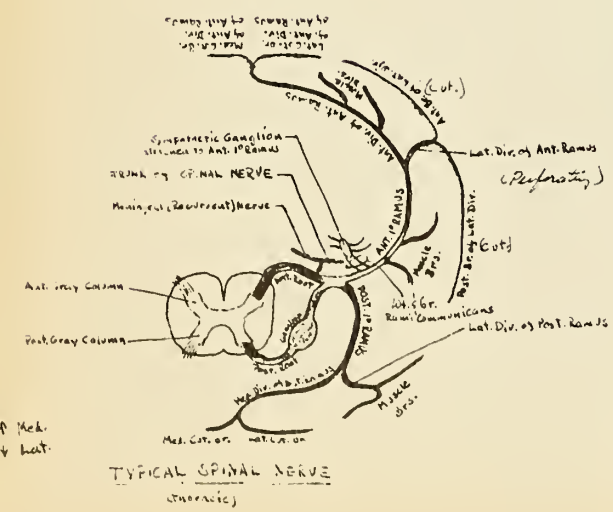
This volume is dedicated with utmost respect and heartfelt gratitude to those physicians, those teachers, and those of our peers, who have been, whom we have known to be, and who will remain in the future, truly,

Students of Medicine.

HE
S

*And here are trees and I know their gnarled surface, water and I feel its taste. These scents of grass and stars at night, certain evenings when the heart relaxes—how shall I negate this world whose power and strength I feel? Yet all the knowledge on earth will give me nothing to assure me that this world is mine. You describe it to me and you teach me to classify it. You enumerate its laws and in my thirst for knowledge I admit that they are true. You take apart its mechanism and my hope increases. At the final stage you teach me that this wondrous and multi-colored universe can be reduced to the atom and that the atom itself can be reduced to the electron. All this is good and I wait for you to continue. But you tell me of an invisible planetary system in which electrons gravitate around a nucleus. You explain this world to me with an image. I realize then that you have been reduced to poetry: I shall never know. Have I the time to become indignant? You have already changed theories. So that science that was to teach me everything ends up in a hypothesis, that lucidity founders in metaphor, that uncertainty is resolved in a work of art. * * * And you give me the choice between a description that is sure but that teaches me nothing and hypotheses that claim to teach me but that are not sure.*

—Albert Camus



prologue

The following constitutes a portion of the transcribed minutes of a meeting held sometime in the late fall of 1959 at a medical school somewhere in this country. The meeting was apparently called by the dean of the institution to evaluate and orient various departmental attitudes toward dealing most effectively with its newly matriculated Class of 1963. What is available of this transcript is presented here, complete and unabridged. It must be pointed out that official recognition of this document has not, however, been forthcoming from any college of medicine, and that its exact origin remains uncertain. It is presented in an attempt to elucidate somewhat the feelings of those engaged in the teaching of medicine when we became involved in the process of learning medicine; perhaps in viewing the scope and insight involved in developing a program of medical education, we shall be more able to review our own subjective reactions as neophytes to medical education more realistically and be more able to appreciate the fact that considerable planning and effort was put forth to insure for us an effective course of training.

DEAN: "Before we call this meeting to order, I have observed a few irregularities in the seating. You are all well aware that the preclinical faculty must sit in the last two rows. Please adjust yourselves accordingly."

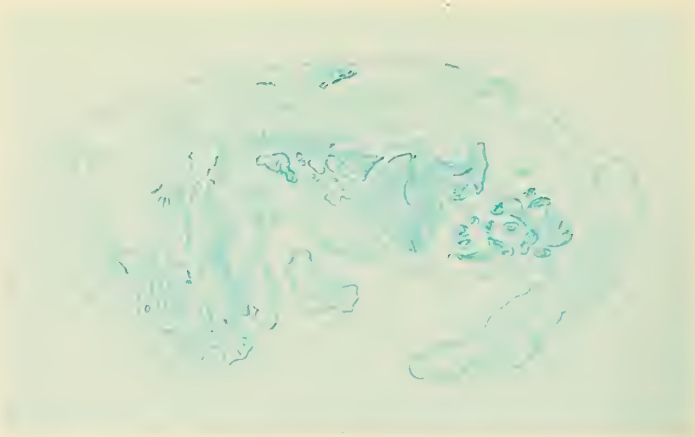
CHAIRMAN OF PHARMACOLOGY: "It would seem dat de men wit M.D. degrees should be allowed to sit wit de clinical faculty. Dis distinction between clinical and preclinical is woitless."

DEAN: "Gentlemen, this seating is customary; please observe it."

CHAIRMAN OF PATHOLOGY: "Firstly . . . I would like to make it . . . perfectly clear . . . dat our department . . . is da basis of medicine . . . and dat even dough . . . we are preclinical in teaching . . . we do treat patients. Thirdly . . . I would emphasize . . . dat I am sitting . . . where I please."

DEAN: "I do not understand all this foment, but let us proceed with the matters for today's conference. The crisis which has arisen concerns the lassitude I have noticed among the current senior class. I observed one man walking down the street across from the College with a football, wearing sneakers, and without a necktie; another was so brash as to lounge about the library reading with his feet on the table. I only mention these incidents to indicate that this class is taking an ignoble attitude as they are about to enter the noblest profession. Such deportment is not only degrading to the profession in the broader sense, but also indicates a lack of proper dedication and immersion in the art of medicine. Since you are all well aware that . . . . **[telephone]** Excuse me, gentlemen.

"Actually, you see, the dance of the chromosomes is a little like the *cha-cha-cha* . . ."



"Just keep trying—we all have trouble finding the *masked blastopore.*"

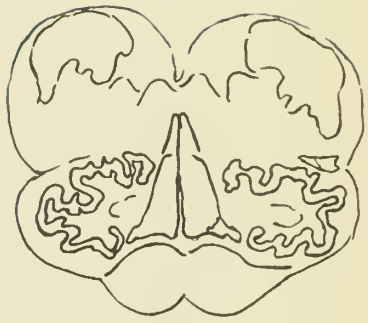
"Yes. Send them all back to the American Cancer Society. Do not even open the packages. No, no one is permitted to read that article. Yes, that is final.

"As I was saying, you are all well aware that a terrified student learns more than one who feels secure with his station in life. In the letter I wrote to each of you I asked for suggestions regarding how each department could use its material to keep the students of the current first year class working at maxi-

Histology was fun and games,
The jolly folk with fit nicknames,
The slides and scopes, the stools and locks,
The old dog bladder in the old B box.

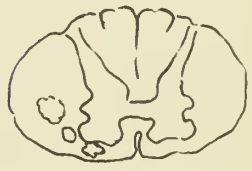
Mother McCreight, a real nice old lady,
Not at all sly, not at all shady,
Her advice was sincere and came with a smile,
Her feelings were clear, her presence worthwhile.

The Greater Omentum, a cute little guy,
Just a bit shady, just a bit sly,
He rapped on our knuckles and sent us all home,
To dream of the dance of the chromasome.



Marshmallow roasts, a chickenwire screen,
Musical chairs, a thymus . . . a spleen,
A gland resembling a bag full of rocks,
An old dog bladder in an old B box.

The Pearl, a gent with a likely name,
A fellow worthy of teaching fame,
With him t'was the means, not only the end,
If you were a student, he was a friend.



And finally we come to the wide-striding chief,
His lectures and tests beyond all belief,
He walked when he talked and he never quite sat,
The rollicking, frolicking, Great White Bat.

Histology ended, we packed up our scopes,
We turned in our notebooks and built up our hopes,
We turned in our slides and the keys to our locks,
And the old dog bladder in the old B box.

"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice (she was so much surprised, that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English).

—Lewis Carroll

In Search of the Ultimo-Branchial Body

mum fury with sufficient anxiety throughout the four years of their medical education to produce dedicated men."

CHAIRMAN OF MEDICINE: "Ah don't really see whah Ah have to sit heyar and listen to all this. Ah have a plane to catch and this really doesn't concern our depahtment."

DEAN: "This should be a brief meeting and I really wanted the clinical men to know to which stresses this class of 1963 will have been subjected by the time the survivors become juniors. Let us start with Anatomy."

CHAIRMAN OF ANATOMY: "As I understand this, it is important to really give 'em hell but make it look like we're trying to relieve the tension. I talk a good enough game along this line to really keep those monkeys snowed."

DEAN: "Excuse me, Mr. Chairman, but there is no necessity of your standing on the chair while you talk."

CHAIRMAN OF ANATOMY: "I'm sorry; I guess I'm just used to it—it helps in examining whale hearts, you know—they're big sons of guns—in fact, they usually get me a ladder to stand on for the last 'Neuro' lecture—when I tie everything together."

DEAN: "If you will be so kind as to sit down, I'm sure we shall all be able to hear you, even if we cannot see you. Please go on."

CHAIRMAN OF ANATOMY: "Ah, let's see. Oh, yes, we have some great plans to keep those little rascals on the hind . . . ."

DEAN: "Please! Vulgarity may have a place in your teaching program, but I do not think it will serve any purpose here. If you don't mind . . . ."

CHAIRMAN OF ANATOMY: "Well, first, we're eliminating grades for the first time. This will make them all feel they're lost—they just won't know where they stand. In the past, the men with high grades have slacked off and this we want to prevent. If the better men work harder, it will skew the bell curve . . ."

DEAN: "Ahem."

CHAIRMAN OF ANATOMY: "Er . . . the bell curve will shift and leave a very long spastic tail.

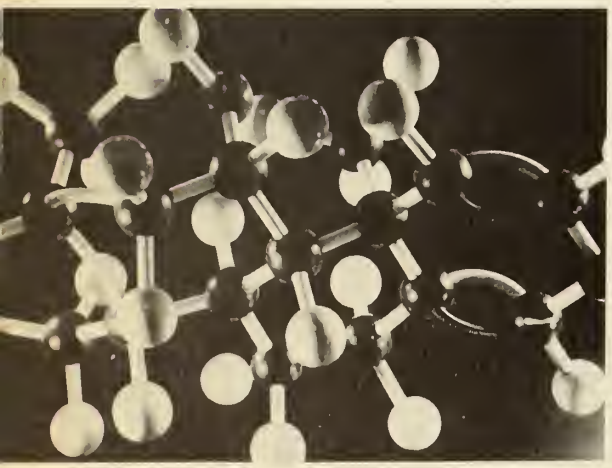
"Second, we have added a new type of examination question to our already dandy array. Instead of the conventional true-false exam, we're putting about fifteen or sixteen statements in one paragraph and then asking whether the whole paragraph is true, false, or, now get this, mostly true or mostly false. These are really impossible to figure out. I think the 'Neuro' exam is best suited to this type of question. I think this will prevent any complacency about this part of the course—and, of course, my new book should help keep them confused.

"Third, in 'Gross' we are starting from the top and working down and in 'Neuro' from the bottom up. This makes the rascals scurry like crazy to put the whole picture together.

"Fourth, we're giving an exam every week instead of in batteries. This keeps the pressure steady and, combined with the other measures, should give us a fine first term."

DEAN: "Your program is a large contribution to the greatness of this institution. Let us turn to the Biochemistry Department."

CHAIRMAN OF BIOCHEMISTRY: "Now we do have an edge over the Anatomies since the promotions committee meets during the



first few weeks of our course and this makes the students feel the tension. Ah, let's see here, um . . . oh, yes; now we use the 'nice guy' approach, which is a subtle thing that you have to follow carefully to follow because it looks on the surface as though it would destroy the image of having to work hard; however, it actually puts the students ill at ease because they can't understand why everybody is so nice to them. This makes them work trying to figure out just what is happening to them. Now, uh, let's have an example here: if we were to ask about carbon dioxide combining power . . . yes, that's it . . . we would ask about a bottle of Pepsi-Cola in the blood . . . no, now how does that go . . . oh, yes, if they drank a bottle . . ."

DEAN: "You asked that question last year."

CHAIRMAN OF BIOCHEMISTRY: "We did? Well, let me take a look at my notes here . . . eh . . . I can't seem to find my schedule labeled D–307 b. Hum, I'll just have to ask Joe about this."

DEAN: "Joe?"

CHAIRMAN OF BIOCHEMISTRY: "Yes; he really keeps track of these things."

DEAN: "I am rather disappointed in your department."

CHAIRMAN OF BIOCHEMISTRY: "But we got twenty last year, didn't we?"

DEAN: "Yes, we cannot overlook that. However, please be kind enough to submit an outline of your program when you are a little more collected. Let us turn to Physiology to round out the first year."

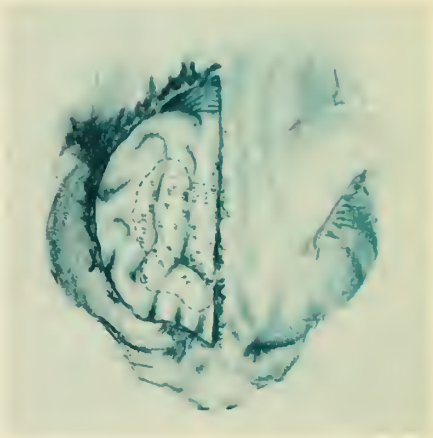
CHAIRMAN OF PHYSIOLOGY: "Our course has been running so smoothly for the past thirty years, we are reluctant to change any part of it and particularly to jeopardize the sale of the *Red Book*. In the last regard, we shall again use a graduate level text so the *Red Book* will be the only readable source of information; it has, by the way, now been brought up to date as of 1940.

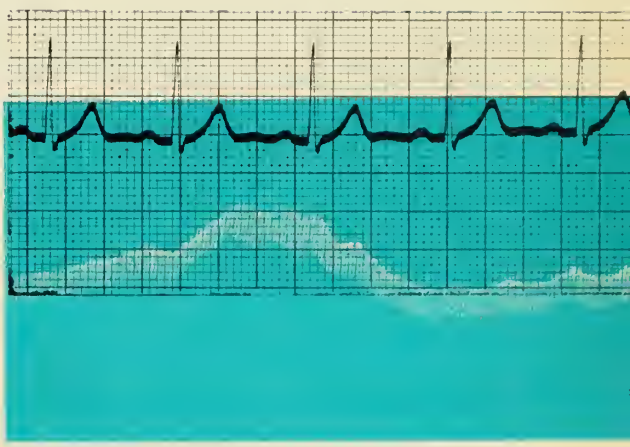
"We have found some men getting a little extra rest during the second hour of the neurophysiology lectures, so we are going to divide them up: one half of the lecture will be given before the lab, and one half afterwards. As we have always tried to, as my old boss would say, 'Keep the frustration level reasonably high during the lab,' this year we are going to substitute distilled water for Ringer's solution during a few of the labs, which should sharpen the students up a bit as they try in vain to keep their turtle hearts alive. The real fun part of this comes, of course, when they turn in kymograph records showing the proper results —as my old boss would say, 'That fractures me!'

"We have also decided to give three subjective type exams on the Saturday morning sessions, but we shall not tell which one will not be the national board type. This will keep them off balance, I think. By the way, we have been using the type of exam questions which the Anatomy Department feels is new for the last twenty years.

"Oh, yes, one other point: we have had all the kymograph arms shortened about one-half inch."

DEAN: "I had hoped you could get at some of the major parts





of your course. Perhaps you could talk to Anatomy about a more sustained pressure."

CHAIRMAN OF PHYSIOLOGY: "I don't talk to Anatomy!"

DEAN: "Oh, pardon me, I forgot about that. Well, keep working on your plans . . ."

CHAIRMAN OF PHYSIOLOGY: "My old boss used to say that, too."

DEAN: "Er . . . yes; shall we now swing to the second year and find out what Pathology has in store.'"

CHAIRMAN OF PATHOLOGY: "Our policy . . . will remain . . . basically unchanged . . . (you cannot argue . . . wit success): as usual . . . we will hold them responsible . . . for *erryting!* Some of the students . . . are planning . . . to put out printed notes . . . of our lectures; dis should not hinder us . . . but, radder . . . can help us, because . . . da lecturer can mention a topic . . . as he walks out of da door . . . and if it is not in da notes . . . dey will not study it. Dis will make it . . . much easier . . . to make up a good exam—one dat is . . . out of dis world! Dey will be assigned . . . erryting in Anderson . . . and my lectures from Robbins . . . help confuse dis issue.

"Da lab schedule . . . is much better dis year. After lecture . . . dey will have seven minutes . . . to study forty slides; den dey have . . . a didactic confrence. We den allow . . . seven more minutes to study da slides . . . and den have a gross specimen confrence. Along dis line . . . we have procured . . . organs from da Civil War Museum. Dis should add . . . someting of a challenge. After da gross confrence . . . dey have another seven minutes . . . wit da forty slides . . . and den da Kodachrome confrence begins. One-tird . . . of da class . . . will be down in da Green Room . . . so dey miss erryting . . . and have to get it at night . . . or on weekends.

"We realize dat . . . wit dis pressure . . . dey are likely to neglect deir slides, . . . so we have changed . . . da last written exam. Dey are due to have dis . . . on a Saturday morning. When dey arrive, . . . after staying up most of da night, . . . we will announce . . . dere will be no written . . . but a slide practical . . . on Monday morning . . . which will count . . . as on full written. Dey will have to study . . . over da weekend for dis one.

"We also will use . . . da 'tap system' . . . spread over two days . . . to notify the men who have failing marks . . . in Anatomical Patology. Dis should keep dem anxious . . . trough da whole course . . . of Clinical Patology . . . during which . . . da past few classes . . . have slacked off.

"In da past . . . students have said . . . dat we trow dem a curve ball. De donot trow dem a curve ball . . . we trow dem a fast ball . . . straight down da middle!"

DEAN: "This seems rather good. Can Microbiology integrate with this Pathology plan?"

CHAIRMAN OF MICROBIOLOGY: "Well, we too have been a 'nithe guy' department. With thith class, however, we ave decided to push the minutiae; after all, the little thingth do count in microbiology (ha, ha . . . ahem).

"The firtht technique is subtle: we show thome slides of girls down in the sunny parts of the world just at a time when it'th very foul weather here. Thith will lighten up the whole mood

on the surface—but men will start dreaming of where they might want to be, and those that are relaxing will feel guilty; thith should be effective.

"Nectht, our exams will concentrate on ultra-details, which should keep them occupied steadily until we reach our *coup*, parasitology! We time that particular exam to coincide with the time they are thtudying the liver in pathology. Thith really gets to them!

"We are running the unknown culture over a period of three weeks to force thome good lab work out of them. By the way, these unknowns will be a mixture of *Vibrio metchnikovii, Bacillus megaterium, Brucella militensis,* and *Mima polymorphia.* They, of course, will have to identify the two which cannot be separated *(chuckle).*

"Incidentally, we shall take attendance from the back of the lab at random during each lab period, just to keep them on their toes."

DEAN: "It is good to see you integrating your program with that of Pathology. Has Pharmacology been as active in its planning as have the other departments?"

CHAIRMAN OF PHARMACOLOGY: "Dese guys have just not been woikin' in Pharmy! Dis year we have decided to take role in every lecture and lab. We haven't woiked out bat'room priv'liges yet, but it's only mechanics. Weeah givin' weekly quizzes, wit' da various men of da department submittin' questions on da areas on which dey lectured. To prevent dem from givin' any advanced knowledge of dese questions to deir conference groups, we will vote on da answers after da exam. If da votin' members of da department can't decide on a question, den we don't accept any answer.

"Weeah tryin' to integrate wit Pathology in dat weeah givin' da autonomic drugs durin' da week of da Pathology final.

"As usual, I expect to find dat eider dis class is stoopid or dere not readin' da book—and dey usually read da book!

"Dere's nuttin' spectacular about dis program, but it should put a nice steady squeeze on dem."

DEAN: "Gentlemen, thank you. I think we are giving birth to a fine program, which, with continued vigilance * * *.

Several additional pages of the transcript, apparently dealing with the plans of the clinical departments, which were originally available, and which were to have appeared herewith, unfortunately disappeared mysteriously along with their bearer, a junior medical student. Neither have been seen since, although vague reports of a strange man wearing a short white coat have filtered back from the headwaters of the Amazon River. That portion appearing here, however, we are sure is adequate to allow the intended insight.

"patology . . .
is de
basis of medicine . . .
it is de
queen of de sciences!"

Fig 66 Classification of Medically Important Insects

From *Medical Parasitology for Medical Students and Practicing Physicians*, by William G. Sawitz, M.D. Copyright 1956 McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. Used by permission.

"What sort of insects do you rejoice in where *you* come from?" the Gnat inquired.

"I don't *rejoice* in insects at all," Alice explained, "because I'm rather afraid of them—at least the large kinds. But I can tell you the names of some of them."

"Of course they answer to their names?" the Gnat remarked carelessly.

"I never knew them do it."

"What's the use of their having names," the Gnat said, "if they won't answer to them?"

"No use to *them*," said Alice; "but it's useful to the people that name them, I suppose. If not, why do things have names at all?"

—Lewis Carroll

agon

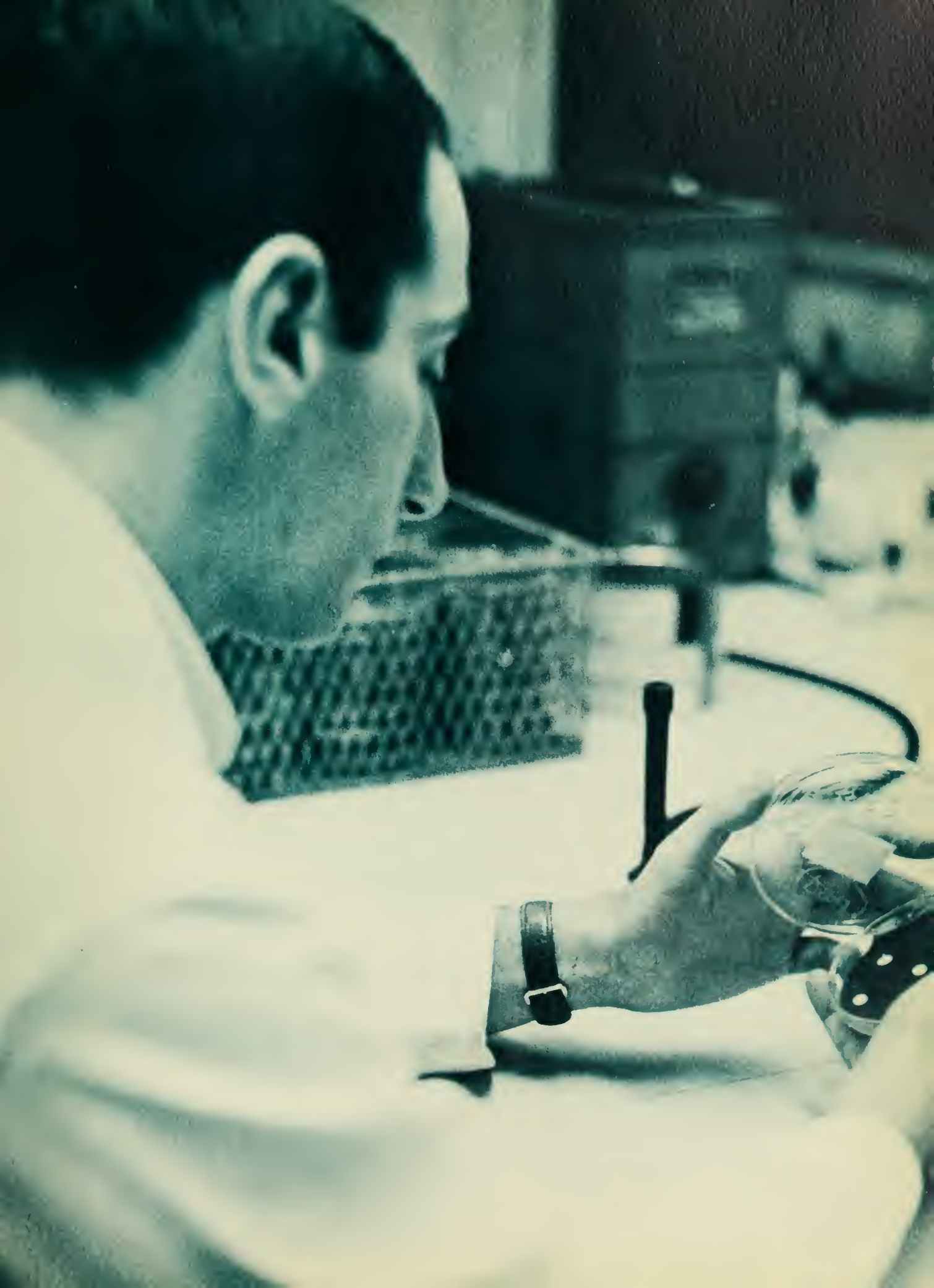
The first day was hot. We arose briskly into it, vested ourselves in the hopes and expectations of many previous days, and hurried into the exhilaration of the morning. Our excitement buoyed us through the murky heat and the indifferent avenues of Center City, bringing us before the great doors on Fifteenth Street; we paused, shook off the remains of a summer and of our youth, then climbed the ten stairs to Medicine.

We assembled ourselves in Classroom A and awaited the beginning. We scrutinized ourselves, introspected that newly gathered and now officially consummated entity, the Class of 1963; we eagerly acceded our individual ebullition to the mass and felt the swell of our elation within the cold, indistinctly tiled, and hallowed walls of Hahnemann.

The faculty staidly rode in upon waves of our applause and began its *Standard Introduction to the Study of Medicine at Hahnemann*. A profusion of department heads regaled us with an infinity of advice and device; platitudes, beatitudes; analysis and catalysis: some smiled and told us we had finally made the grade; there followed those who frowned and told us we would probably *never* make it; some said relax, some said work hard but be sure to enjoy ourselves—some said if we were enjoying ourselves, we weren't working hard enough; some said we were bound to be confused at first and not to worry about it—others, we were old enough to know better, and to shape up in a hurry; they extolled the virtues of Hahnemann, the wonders of Medicine; they encouraged the proper sense of awe within us, neophytes to the Noblest Profession; we had begun a vast undertaking, a great experience, a wonderful adventure; in fact, with sufficient diligence, we might have even undertaken the incipience of a successful obituary.

The day immersed us in a hot flood of words, and we vacillated vaguely between confidence and trepidation, self-assurance and uncertainty with the undulating ebb and flow of antagonistic verbal currents. Finally, the tepid tide slowed and ceased, and we were assigned our first task as medical students: the acquisition of lockers, those first concrete evidences of consanguinity with the balance of The Hahnemann Family.

We rushed headlong into the catacombs and affixed our names to the first empty cabinets we found; we pon-



dered these edifices which were to remain for a long time our only symbols of *belonging*, then repaired to the warm Philadelphia day to purchase lunches, locks, notebooks and to contemplate briefly our new environment and meditate upon our new, developing perspective. On returning to reclaim our lockers, we found them already occupied and locked with alien locks, with notes scrawled by classmates upon the doors: "Sorry, but I was here first!"

It had begun!

Gross Anatomy dominated the freshman year. One began thinking about this course long before he entered medical school, years before when the decisions concerning his future were beginning to gel and he seriously considered becoming a doctor. His conception, however, was unclear, molded by popularized notions which carried with them an aura of mystery and uncertainty.

We sat in the lecture hall before the first session and received our instructions. There was an uneasiness in the room, somewhat of an anxiety, almost somewhat of a fear. We were told to work with respect. We were told something about the acquisition of the cadavers and about the treatment of their remains. We were told a humorous little story about a student who accidentally flipped the ear of a cadaver out of the window and how a workman down below reacted when it landed in his lunchbox. Not many people laughed. We left the hall and walked up four flights of worn wooden stairs carrying our *Grays'* and *Grants'* and *Woodburnes'* and our dissecting kits. When we entered the laboratory everything became still.

During the early weeks, one worked slowly and with a care that resembled caution. But later, after becoming familiar with the touch, the sounds, the odors, the instruments, and after becoming absolutely certain that nothing was going to move, one acted with more rapidity and assurance and soon lost himself in the academies.

"Lemme see, what was that mnemonic? '*Some say marry money, but my brother says . . . .*' "

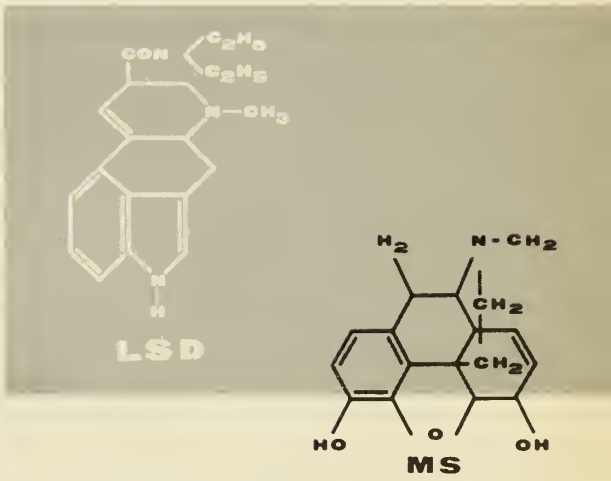
"Your brother says nothin', pal!"

"Shaddup! '*. . . but my brother says, "Bad business marrying money."*' "

"I don't give a damn what your brother says. Whaddaya talkin' about, anyway?"

"The cranial nerves, Meathead! The cranial nerves—'*Some say marry money . . .*' "

"Levator Labii Superioris Alaeque Nasi, what a helluva big name for a little muscle!"



"The subject may be 'happy . . .' "
" . . . ego is increased."

"Look, here's how you tell the difference between a left and right patella: just hold one edge on the table like this, then let go and see which way it falls."

The days grew shorter and the course grew more rigorous. There were practical examinations and even a practice practical and one began feeling a little weary. The cadavers lost almost all human semblance. The laboratory took on a colorless appearance and the atmosphere became stale. The work was now a chore and one was glad when the course finally ended. Even though relieved, however, one recognized the value of his work and had few regrets.

One had encountered a great many of the fundamentals upon which his future knowledge would stand. And in the process, he had, in a way, matured, dispelled some of the mysteries, and developed an insight. He had seen a vast complexity of structure, of color, of regional contrasts, of planes, angles, textures, recesses, convexities, concavities. . . .

One had taken a course and fulfilled a basic scientific requirement. And also he had, according to no specific assignment and with no exact means, in a vague unplanned manner, he had grasped a fragment of the awareness that once moved a great man to say, "If anything is sacred, the human body is sacred."

At the start there had been confusion. But more than confusion, more than a sense of unfamiliarity, more than the heavy feeling which closely followed the vision of the long hours lying ahead, more than any of these things, there was an element, at first vague and indefinite, but gradually growing and expanding and becoming more discrete, an element one had not expected and could not readily ward off, an element of doubt and disillusion.

By your presence here you said, "Sir, I wish to become a physician." By your presence you said, "Sir, I have prepared a long time for the position I now occupy. I respect this position. I respect you as my teacher. I have chosen my life's work and I think it is an honorable choice. You have chosen to help me, to guide me toward a goal which demands not only knowledge, but wisdom, not only logic, but sensitivity, not only action, but dignity and love. You have chosen to help me become a physician. Let us begin."

And the reply—it came little by little. And with it one began sensing a hollowness, an almost tangible vacancy crowding and gnawing into the edges of his expectations.

THIS WAY OUT TO
RACE ST.

The words, the inferences, the conduct—all were strange. Instead of instruction marked by order and quietness and unspoken competence, there was often loudness, often crudeness, often egotism and chest-pounding. Instead of directness, terseness, and clarity, there was often dispersion of the material, often a seemingly planned haziness and inconsistency. Instead of guidance and counsel and mutual respect, there was often mockery, often threats.

"You monkeys better get on the stick!"
"Monkeys . . . monkeys . . . monkeys . . .!"
"But Sir, I'm not a . . ."
"Monkey!"

And slowly one realized that he was involved in a system, a calculated, impersonal device not at all, not in any way, guaged to operate in accordance with his former ideas or feelings. The atmosphere was tense and grinding, and learning was generated through fear, competition, and "spasticity." It was said that the system existed because, according to standard testing, it worked. And in this, one hopefully thought, perhaps it was justified—perhaps.

But one could not help wondering. One remembered his original incentives and motivations and wondered whether, under the current strain, they would remain whole, solid, and untainted, or whether the system would take root, whether his previous ideals would be deformed and disfigured and no longer capable of developing in him his highest capacities as a physician.

Current literature and conferences are rife with criticism of the curriculum and of teaching and with suggestions for improving it, but almost none deals with a matter of greater importance and blame and that is with learning. * * * Despite four long years of required premedical education many students entering medical schools are immature, and have not learned how to learn, how to study, or about the virtues of hard work. Hahnemann unfortunately has no campus for outdoor diversion from study, but spare time could be used more usefully than often is the case. European students traditionally devote extra time to the study of a foreign language, to singing or playing a musical instrument or to athletics. Perhaps juke-boxes, jazz and vending machines are changing this too.

The great levelling, characteristic of democracy, is evidenced in the population at large and among students by a general lack of interest in cultural pursuits. Decorum, discipline, respect for authority, responsibility, ethics, and the appreciation of excellence began to deteriorate after the first World War and were worsened by the second one. Informality, levity, burlesque and standardization tend to tarnish

A Brief Clinical Vocabulary

Argo: cornstarch; a widely used dietary substitute, especially in the gravid female
bad blood: syphilis
blood clogs: coagulated blood; thrombi; thrombophlebitis, occasionally passed with menstrual flow
chicken pops: a common infectious disease of childhood; varicella; often occurs shortly before or after **weasels** or **lumps.**
cold in the tubes: acute pelvic inflammatory disease; gonorrheal salpingitis, sometimes associated with **bad blood.**
cradle crap: advanced infantile seborrheic dermatitis of the scalp.
dose (the): gonorrhea, usually in the male, often seen in the patient who is **four plus.**
feeber: elevated body temperature; seen with infectious diseases, as **chicken pops, weasels,** or **lumps.**
fireballs of the eucharist: leiomyomata uteri.
ferocious of the liver: Laennec's cirrhosis.
four plus: a term describing the patient with a strongly positive V.D.R.L. serologic test.
high blood: hypertension.
joog: to stab or stick; phlebotomy or venoclysis; often the etiologic agent of sudden agnogenic abdominal or chest pain, hemothorax, etc., in the emergency room patient.
Lawdy: an exclamation of distress; often associated with vocal anesthesia; three of these usually yield a baby; in the grand multipara, be ready for anything after one such exclamation.
low blood: anemia or hypotension; often consequent to the use of **Argo.**
lumps: a disease of childhood; epidemic parotitis.
miseries: general malaise; often associated with **feeber** and **vomicking.**
nabel: the umbilicus; what not to mash on, especially in the gravid female.
poor nature: impotence; decreased libido.
smilin' mighty Jesus: spinal meningitis.
thick blood: polycythemia; a hematologic condition prior to the use of anticoagulants.
thin blood: a hematologic state resultant from the use of anticoagulants.
vomicking: regurgitation of gastric contents; see **miseries.**
weasels: a viral disease of childhood; rubeola.
weasels in the bronical tubes: asthma.

the patina of quality, good manners and dignity expected of professional men. These losses have eroded the respect once bestowed upon physicians, and the public discriminates less and less between us and the healing cultists.

—*Hobart A. Reimann, M.D.*

The end of our first semester at Hahnemann was marked by the withdrawal from what was by then the chaos of the anatomy laboratory, the pompous burlesque of the histology laboratory, the seeming insanity of the neuroanatomy laboratory; by the welcome relinquishment of bone boxes and "B"-boxes; by a joyful four day hiatus with nothing at all to memorize. It was also marked by the first round of final grades, and by the first round of failures.

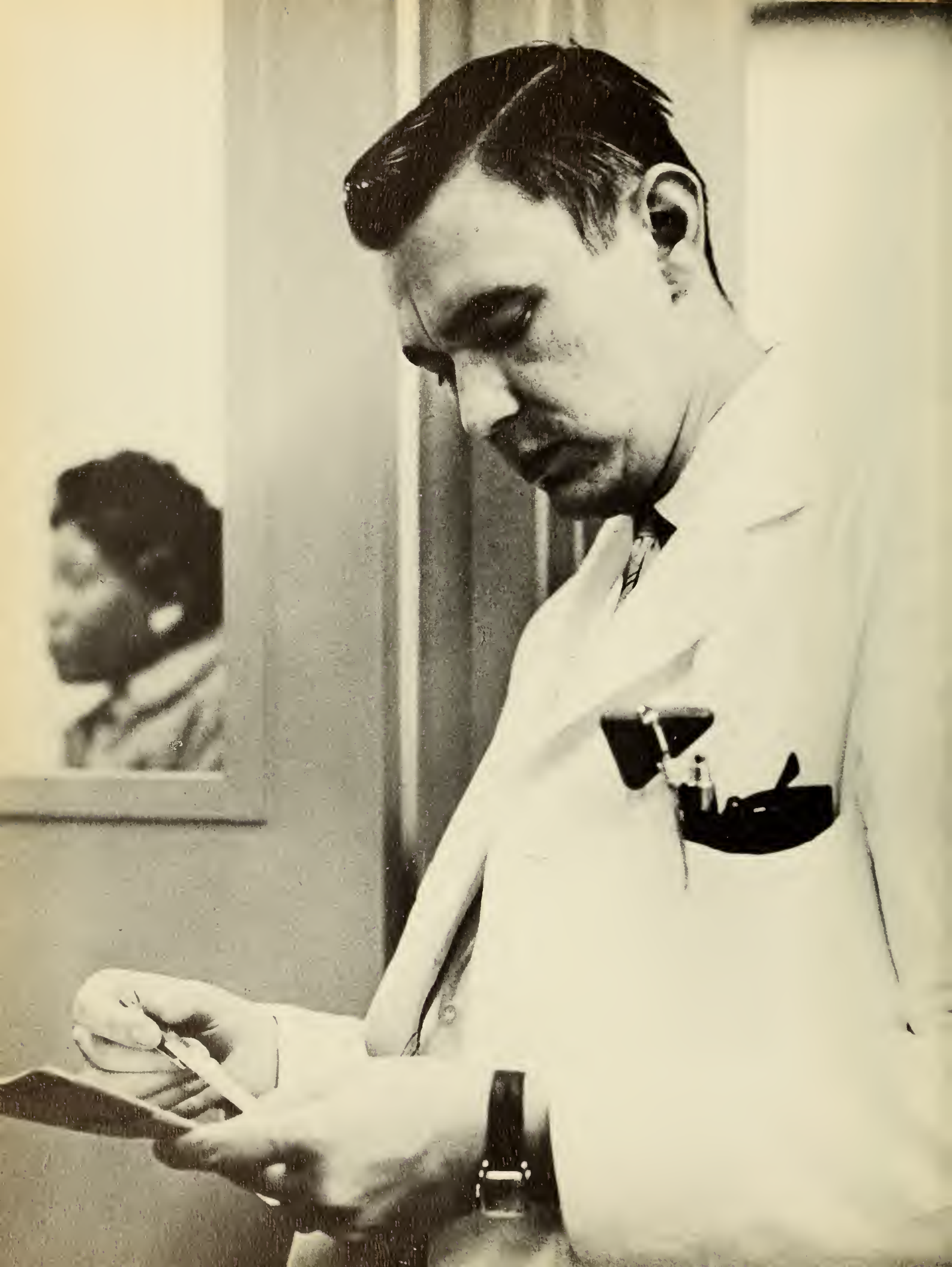
The beginning of the second semester brought a renewed hope of accomplishment, a rejuvenated sense of ambition.

Physiology brought the promise of providing an understanding of the dynamics of the normal processes of the biological system which would serve as a foundation for all of our subsequent medical knowledge and allow our eventual ability to differentiate the pathologic from the non-pathologic on the firm basis of understanding the etiologic aberrations involved in the encountered abnormalities. This was promise worthy of fulfillment!

. . . the concept of graded synaptic resistance may be applied to the integration of *allied* and *antagonistic reflexes* in a pattern of simultaneous or successive combinations utilizing both *temporal* and *spatial summation* such that resolution of the resultant excitatory and inhibitory *competition* at the **final common pathway** achieves in some cases the predominance of flexion responses which are the more primitive, more potent actions, except in the case of postural reflexes, in which, while antagonistic reflexes are found to involve a common pathway, sequential reflexes are found to facilitate subsequent antagonistic reflexes. . . .

Physiology brought before us a vast menagerie of intact and dismembered animals, a first opportunity for observing, utilizing, and *becoming* human subjects of experimentation, a chance to practice the theretofore occult arts of kymography, sphygmometry, and manometry (and, ofttimes, the non-occult art of profanity!). It was a broadening exercise in patience, diligence, frustration, forbearance, and ingenuity (some of the finest experimental recordings existent were created using *post mortem* animal

PEDIATRICS
MEN'S ROOM



subjects—*freehand!*).

Above all, the course gave us another in a long series of opportunities to practice taking National Board examinations.

Biochemistry drove us briskly into the microcosmic maze that traces the myriad pathways of intermediary metabolism, spun us dizzily around the tricarboxylic acid cycle (grab the brass—or is it porphyrin—ring!), spiralled us up the double helix of the nucleic acids to the high energy realms of redox mechanics and finally dunked us unceremoniously into the concept of the total body pool. We were persuaded largely to ignore the essentially useless concepts of protein chemistry, enzyme mechanics, molecular genetics, microsome function, and congenital metabolic aberrations, in lieu of which we were familiarized with the intricacies of *Ketene Detoxication.*

We gained our first experience in the technique of venepuncture (and subsequently, our first experience in the treatment of hematomata and phlebitis). We found that dull clinical assays (*e. g.*, glucose tolerance test) could be brightened considerably through application of the science of chemistry (*i. e.*, addition of liberal amounts of citric acid and ethanol to the loading dose of glucose in water). And we found it refreshing to take a course in which we did *not* practice taking National Board exams.

The culmination of our brief crossing of the paths of Cori, Krebs, and Michaelis-Menton was a halcyon six week period of "original research" during which, with carefree abandon, we destroyed enough apparatus to equip the National Institutes of Health, mislaid radioisotopes in quantities adequate to lethally irradiate half the population of Center City, annihilated a menagerie equal to that of the Philadelphia Zoo, and expended drugs and chemicals sufficient to treat the infirm of the Western Hemisphere—all in the true spirit of *Free Science.* The result of all this was the elliptical reconfirmation of a dozen or so innocuous tautologies with which we attempted to dazzle each other. But it was fun.

The re-exam was fun, too.

The first year ended as abruptly as it had begun. *And then there were ninety-four.*

The second year caught us up briskly into the rush of Microbiology and Pathology; the former, "Micromentality," as it was affectionately dubbed, managed to per-

petuate for fourteen weeks what was readily covered in the latter in four. The tedium of the laboratory was superseded only by the boredom of the lectures was superseded only by the absurdity of the examinations. But the course had its moments: a classic dissertation on brucellosis, a theatrical presentation of entomology replete with disguise and dialect, colorful slides often of bodies other than Guarnieri and Negri, and a final practical exam acclaimed comedy of the year. The high point of the course, however, a lecture to be cherished forever by all present, the focal point about which our memories of bacteriology have come to revolve, came in midyear—a brief and significant moment of instruction, on the technique of the proper collection of samples of stool.

Besides being the *basis of you know what* and the *queen of the . . . that's right, you guessed it*, Pat'ology was also a nightmare, a horrible nightmare. It seemed to succeed where most other of our courses had only aspired, in the inculcation of the assurance that if we could survive this, we could survive the practice of medicine (indeed,

we could survive most anything!) An encyclopedic course, where fact followed supercilious fact almost as rapidly as one could turn the pages of the printed notes, where the extreme limit of exquisite duress was reached daily within a teaching program of matchless cunning and truly fearful psychologic capability, it tumbled us headlong into the second year of our medical education, and managed to keep us tipsy and unbalanced throughout most of that year. It moved like a runaway roller-coaster, where everyone strained to hold on tightly—and those with unsteady grips were cast off at the curves.

There were plenty of curves.

Fowl-pox, Verruga peruana, Winkle's disease, Melioidosis, Farcy, and Sclavo's Ass Serum.

A lecture on thirty-five inborn errors of metabolism . . . in one hour . . . in a strange tongue . . . in the dark.

A lecture on acute yellow atrophy . . . with all the lights on . . . in the dark.

Babs-Ernst granules, Bitot's plaques, Asteroid bodies, Psammoma bodies, Michealis-Guttman bodies, Jagziekte, and Dr. Dinato on the thyroid . . . Olé!

Oocyst, Sporocyst, Cryptozoite, Merozoite, Trophozoite, Schizont, Schuffner's spots, Betel-nut chewers, and ". . . de final's gonna be outa dis world!"

Poured with you into the Green Room, quivering and agonal, the afternoon regards its claustrophobic circumstance, and frustrated, lunges at your torpid binocular being with a rage of formalin and entrail emptyings. Olliver Cool, regarding it passively, humming a chorus of *Necropsy Blues*, then casually sections it into wretched, fragmentary abeyance with the searing scream of a deft surgical saw. The still fragments of the day are washed of blood under the faucet running time and jarred, with the preserves of knowledge, then placed on the appropriately labelled shelf with the bitter fruits of previous days, to be stored against the decay of forgetfulness. And with the moribund day finally expired and appropriately dissected, you leave it congealed and fixed behind you to reel into the coming night—to contemplate, again, the timeless reality of the Schminke, Regaud, the Schneiderian.

In Pharmacology we read Drill from cover to cover; to make sure we read Drill from cover to cover, we had tests—lots of tests, one every week. We learned lots of interesting things (in addition to how to take tests, which we were pretty good at by then, anyway!):

the snail *Ambularia cuprina* waves its gastropod wildly when under the influence of LSD;

ma huang is the source of ephedrine

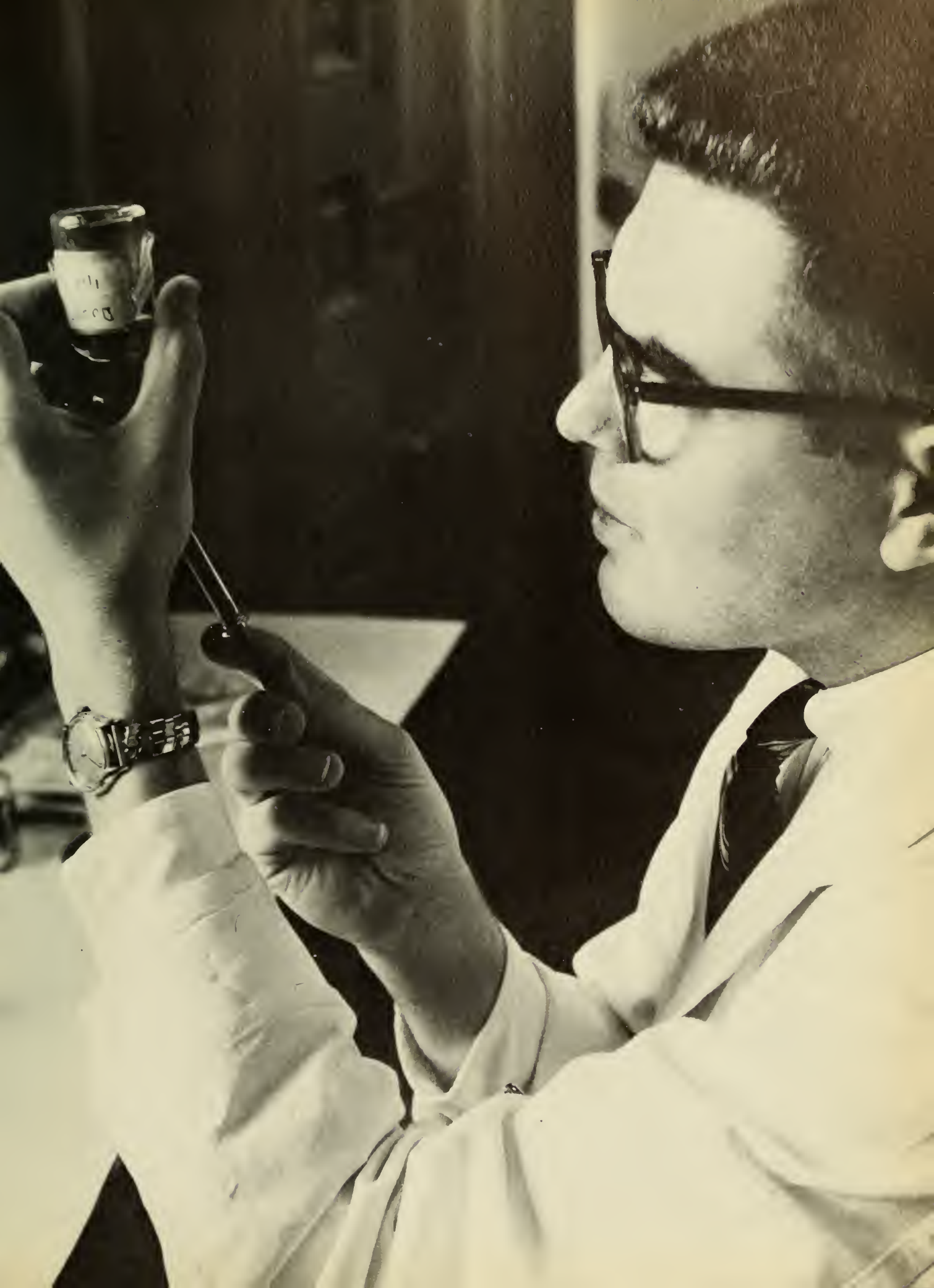
"Shaver's disease" is big in aluminum foundries, "brass founders' ague" in brass foundries, "spelters' shakes' in zinc foundries;

the drugs derived from the purple foxglove are glycosides, not alkaloids;

Occasionally, however, we were reassured that someone felt we were doing what we were supposed to; he put it: **"Eidder youse guys are stoopid, or you're not readin' da book—*and I know you're readin' da book!*"**

Between the regimented grounds of the basic sciences and the expansive realm of clinical understanding lay an area of transition and reorientation. We entered this region at the end of the sophomore year, a long-anticipated venture, a time of warranted pride and self-reevaluation when one began a series of personal alterations, some superficial and obvious, others more subtle, more demanding, more difficult to achieve.

First there was a physical change. The long white coat gave way to a short white coat (with a stethoscope in one

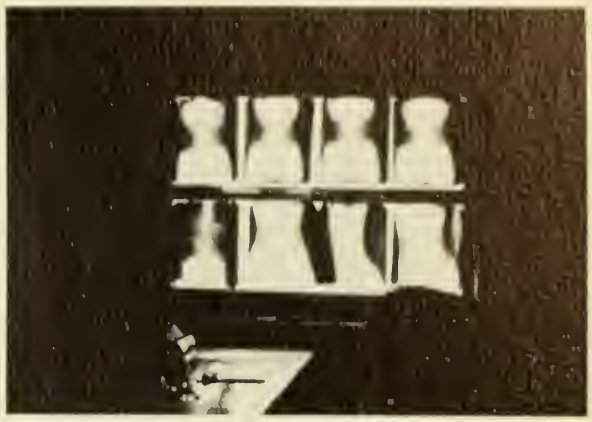


of the pockets), a compact nugget book replaced the binders and clipboards, and an expensive array of shiny instruments was packed into the most venerable of possessions, the black bag. Of course the new apparel and implements would, for a while, be unfamiliar and impersonal, things purchased and owned but not yet worn into the character of their owner—nevertheless, from the start, they were an indication of advancement and they were very meaningful. They had granted one the appearance of a physician.

Now came a more involved transformation. Appearance demanded proof and support; one had to learn to act like a physician. This was a complex undertaking, an endeavor which would, in an idealistic sense, be renewed daily during the future and which was, here at the turning point, set upon with deliberate steps and a measure of awkwardness. There was so much knowledge to acquire, to understand, to integrate. And beside this natural deficit, which could be overcome only through study and experience, there was a compounding factor, a type of discomfort and unsteadiness arising from the disparity between one's changing roles. A pattern of behavior had to be broken.

And now one went to see a patient. He stood in a unique new position, a position which, to be filled adequately and honorably, would, in coming days, demand an amount of stature, of independence and confidence, would demand singular awareness and explicit communication, and the ability to live as an individual capable of assuming the most critical of responsibilities. One had to slow down, or even stop, and get his bearings.

It was time to begin anew. It was time to leave the restrictive mold imposed by technical preparations and to start developing, with calm and sincerity, the manner and articulations worthy of medicine.



What is called the "declining clinical tradition" is of general concern and is deplored by many. Several causal factors are operative that may be inevitable or beyond control. Great technologic advances have emphasized the laboratory and have detracted interest from the patient. The use of computers, electron microscopy or chromatography has its place, but to treat sick people, meticulously taken histories, physical examinations, long continued observation, and familiarity with a patient's family are of more importance. These must be skillfully collated with previous personal experience or of that as recorded by others. It is unlikely that all diagnoses in the future will be made by reading a sheet of data. Effective medical care is more often than

"The injudicious use of anesthesia can give rise to pneumonitis."

not dependent upon a personal interaction between doctor and patient. It is by no means a simple technologic service that can be dispensed to collectivize man on a utilitarian basis (E. D. Churchill). Medicine is not only a science; it is also an art. It does not consist solely of giving drugs; it deals with the very processes of life, which must be understood before they may be guided (Paracelsus).

—*Hobart A. Reimann, M.D.*

Would you mind telling me a little bit about yourself —how you came to be in the hospital—what your troubles are?

Well, actually, I had imagined that your doctor told you to come to the hospital. What I'd like to know is something about your illness, how it began, what kind of troubles you've had that led to your seeing your doctor.

The pain?

Oh, the one you've had. For how long?

Oh. Ever since before you started going to your present doctor.

Yes. And he finally told you to come to the hospital; I see. Well, I really wonder if maybe you couldn't tell me about the pain you've had, about your problems in general.

Well, I realize you've gone all through that before— I just wonder if I could ask you a few more questions.

Yes, I can certainly realize that you might be tired of answering the same questions, but I really have to ask them again.

I'll be glad to leave you in peace, if you'll just be kind enough to . . .

that's right: "Tell me about your troubles."

Actually, I'm sorry you feel that way about it. I mean, I really don't want to ask you these questions any more than you want to answer them. But I really have to. Now, if you'll just begin . . . .

Well . . . actually, no, I'm not a doctor—I'm a medical student—now please, will you just tell me . . . .

I'm sorry you feel that way about it. But I'm really only trying to do what I'm supposed . . . .

Actually, he does know about it, and I'm sure he'd appreciate your answering my . . . .

That's right—I'm supposed to do a history and physical —so if you'll just . . . .

You're not being very cooperative.

I'm sorry about that, but . . . .

Look, let's forget the whole . . . thing!

Yeah, I'm just leaving!

mumble grumble murmur mumble grumble SLAM!

Pt. refuses Hx & P.E.!

"I have yet to see air become infected!"

The clinical years brought many changes in our orientation; subjective changes were to be seen in attitude and demeanor; objective changes were seen also, as in our curriculum. Where our education theretofore had centered itself about the classroom and the laboratory, with the presentation of the theoretical and empirical bases of Medicine, it now shifted to the clinic, the bedside, where the practical application of the Science and, especially, the personal development of the Art were emphasized. Previously important didactic presentation gave way to occasional lectures and conferences; the long hours spent in attempting to consistently reproduce established experimental findings gave way to time spent with patients, each an individual, to whom specific circumstances of disease and treatment applied, to whom theoretical generalizations could be ascribed only in light of their exceptions.

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO, DO NOTHING

IF YOU ARE DOING SOMETHING AND THE PATIENT IMPROVES, KEEP DOING IT

IF YOU ARE DOING SOMETHING AND THE PATIENT WORSENS, STOP IT

Environmental reorientation developed about our learning to live "the life of a physician;" at last the long anticipated role of the selfless, vigilant healer was ours to play, and we relished the first opportunities to be "on call," to accept the responsibility of being prepared and available to administer the needs of patients. Feelings of purpose, of fulfillment, were the novel rewards of this obligation, with its attendant perseverance, fatigue, occasional frustration and disappointment, frequent tedium, and even sorrow. These, all, were new experiences in our medical education; through them we were immersed for the first time in the romance of Medicine and regained assurance that, though we had almost come to doubt it, our vocation could, indeed, be a source of satisfaction and enjoyment.

Our initial enchantment with the role of the tireless attendant to the infirm quickly waned, however, during the succession of nights "on" and long days in clinic that followed. We came to find that though we were ofttimes acting out the part of the physician, we were usually given credit for being able to do, and were allowed to do, virtually nothing in the way of active patient care by our teachers and preceptors.

"When the urine becomes red you should, of course, think of coproporphyrins 1 and 3, and therefore, porphyria."

Enumeration, Evaluation, Education, Eradication, Emancipation

"500 cc. 5% G/W, right, Pat . . . oh, okay, make it 1000 cc. 5% G/Saline."

000-x30

Nonetheless, in dealing with patients and a clinical situation, although our initial exhilaration had diminished, we found an occasional, subjective moment of triumph, an introspective visage of accomplishment. The depths of long, dispassionate nights provided time to pause over cigarettes and coffee, to sense the quiet world about our own unsleeping one, and contemplate our being, that of Man, of Medicine—we savored these moments of heady reflection, and waited for the darkness to call, again, upon us.

And having held the dead and dying on your arm, and on your heart, you are wont to contemplate, in the dark stillness of sleep-starved early mornings, the values of living *and of* dying; *perhaps, you find, these are the same, can not be separated, made to stand one independent of the other; the gravity of each, it seems, can be weighed only against the other—the worth of each appears to lie within the other, one is the cost of the other —and yet they are the same, identities. Only death, itself, is separate, set apart from this vital continuum. Living is its own price; death needs none.*

And so the night consumes you, and the welcome brightness of the morrow brings you closer to that which you have known too well.

In the clinics we developed a formidable protective crust as we ministered to a gamut of faces and largely neglected bodies, seemingly endless, with all that modern medicine has at its command for a wide spectrum of diseases; the brusk hurriedness of our clinic personalities was put aside to come upon the hospital floors and we polished our bedside manners as best we could among the slights and innuendos ofttimes encountered. We garnered a clinical accumen of sorts, then strove to glean the roundsman's store of esoterica. We played the doctor game until we felt assured, even comfortable, in doing so.

In the course of these endeavors, we one day realized, we were learning—learning not only from the continuing pedagogy about us, but also from our own experience with the practice of medicine, that seldom mentioned, rather non-ethereal facet of the Art, which deals with the actual physical and emotional interaction between the physician-figure and the patient, and the consequences of this interaction. We found that though we may have assumed otherwise, many of the physician's patients are, indeed, *not* critically ill—in fact, many are not organically abnormal at all; conversely, we were soon to learn that patients pre-

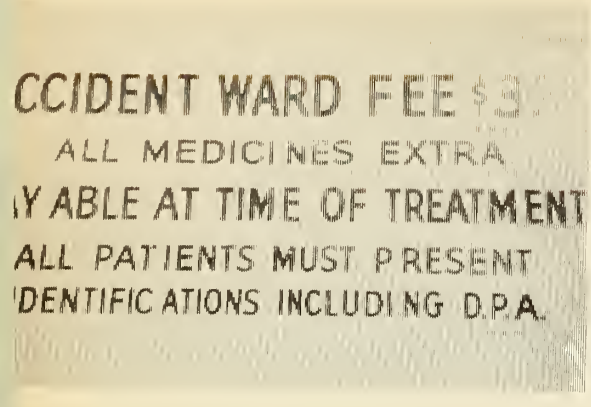
senting themselves before us with apparently no problems could harbor such unsuspected pathology as to die (as they sometimes actually did) either before our eyes or while in our care. We found that patients were remarkably human about following prescribed treatment, and, appallingly, consistently partially or totally ignored advice—some even dared to critique our recommendations, referring to the lay literature. Patients often were discovered to give devious histories, masking symptoms, embellishing or confabulating others; frighteningly, some appeared without history or the ability to supply such. Treating patients was far less to be preferred than treating diseases—this we deduced from observations of therapeutic failures on such rational bases as the price of a drug, the color of a pill, the size or shape of a capsule, or the fact that the patients grandmother (son, sister, husband, wife, dog, goldfish, parakeet, . . .) was displeased with the treatment, and felt it should be altered.

All in all, we found in the tedium of routine, that sick people constitute a population not unlike that of the general public and that they manifest the same intrinsic perversities of ideation, motivation, and action as do the bulk of human beings.

Suddenly, although in looking back the time did not seem to have gone quickly as we lived it, almost four years had passed since we had come here in an almost forgotten September; shortly we would move ceremoniously into the "veritable bower of beauty" where the administration would utilize its final opportunity to intimidate and embarrass us before we finally received our certification of having *endured* and we would turn our backs upon the frequent paranoia that had been our medical education. We paused then to ponder our development as physicians-to-be and our emergence into "the noblest profession."

We had come with youth, humility, and expectation, in our naivete holding the living system in awe as something truly wondrous and fascinating, something worthy of being conceptualized and treated by all the various fields of the arts and sciences of Man. We had brought the hope of understanding more of life, its processes and implications, its beauty.

Soon we had come to be shown that our miasmal dreams had their origin in the intoxication of immaturity. A rush of tiresome days and hectic nights, the press of frequent examinations, the prod of constant abuse and de-


CCIDENT WARD FEE $
ALL MEDICINES EXTRA
Y ABLE AT TIME OF TREATMENT
ALL PATIENTS MUST PRESENT
DENTIFICATIONS INCLUDING D.P.A.

precation, these soon had stifled our attempts at conceptualization and integration; little later, we had become able to suppress our childish impulses to question, to examine, to speculate. We had begun to accede a method of creating physicians, the basis of which rested on the means of memorization, anxiety, repetition, frustration, and the alienation of as much original thinking as was possible.

And then our youth had ebbed away, and with it our reflections on vital processes; our marvelous animal organism was found, after all, to be only an inefficient collection of levers, pulleys, and corroded plumbing, and the reality of the living system itself could be seen to be summated through the enumeration of all its minute segments. We had begun to mature.

Further maturation had helped us to put aside the superfluous pursuits of the philosophic, the theologic, and the aesthetic in Medicine. Soon we had begun to think directly, to act positively, to deal decisively without the need of these encumbrances (*"A physician may be wrong, but he is never in doubt!"*) . We had become accomplished in the knowing response, the terse explanation; we had cultivated the air of significance, the nuances of intimation, the carriage of superiority and wisdom. Our awareness had increased until our period of training neared its close.

Our reverie, in those last days and hours, centered itself about reassuring ourselves, repeatedly, that we had come of age, that despite the foregoing rigors, the pain and sadness and frustration, it was good that we had come this far, had loosed the encumbering cloak of childish exuberance and curiosity and had undergone that reorientation, that revolution within ourselves—that this acquired sophistication and perspective would, indeed, make us *physicians!*

Unless a student is dedicated to the Profession of Medicine and finds an absorbing interest in his studies, he may be pursuing the wrong career. The best method of learning consists of listening to instructive lectures, observing demonstrations and thinking about both; reading in textbooks or journals, studying patients then collating the observations and applying the knowledge. Francis Bacon said, "The best part of a man's education is that which he gets for himself." The curriculum and faculty at Hahnemann, imperfect as they are, provide that opportunity.

—*Hobart A. Reimann, M.D.*

greeting

On behalf of the Faculty and Administration, I am pleased to greet the Senior Class as its final year comes to a close, and to congratulate the Staff of the Medic on the publication of this 1963 Edition.

During your years at Hahnemann the Faculty and Administration have been working to rebuild this school from the standpoint of its physical facilities and also to examine and rethink our programs in education and research.

Twenty years ago most medical schools were content to limit their concern to the four year course for medical students. Today, however, medical schools are expected to influence the total education of physicians from premedical training to intern and residency programs of the various medical specialties and even beyond to postgraduate courses designed to assist practicing physicians in maintaining their education current with the rapid progress of the field. Medical faculties, in addition, must prepare other medical scientists and para-medical people to assist in the care of the sick and in the conduct of medical research. Scientific investigation is no longer a luxury for our colleges and universities, but a basic obligation because research is the great cornerstone on which the progress of our society rests.

The goal of the Faculty and Administration at Hahnemann is to further this school, to enhance it physically, and to enlarge and ever improve its programs so that as its students go forth they will always be proud of the years they spent here and of the citations they have received from Hahnemann. I hope our new graduates will subscribe to this goal and will give it their support. You have our best wishes for your success!

William F. Kellow, M.D.
Dean

JOHN ABDA, JR. B.S., M.D.

Scranton, Pennsylvania *Surgery*

University of Scranton

Phi Chi Fraternity, Social Chairman; Aesculapian Society.

Internship: Atlantic City Hospital
Atlantic City, New Jersey

John; *The Shiek of Summer Street;* **"***'ey,* **Aaab-duh!"** *caribou in his closet;* **"Loussy!"** *hot line to Scranton; "Dance with me or I'll break you face!" Mom's Cadillac, and a private garage in Harrisburg;* **taenia coli:** *"I don't see no woims in dere!" missed* **A.O.A.** *by one place; "Doctor, I haven't been in clinic the past few days because a relative just died."*

*"Cry me a river"; frugality is a vir-
(?); one of the few students in
nnemann's history whose breakage
exceeded his tuition; it was rumored
he lived in a shoe; great fan of
Telephone Hour; occasionally sat
ugh a conference with his shoes on.*

ARTHUR JAY ABRAMS A.B., M.D.

Pennsauken, New Jersey *General Practice*

Rutgers University

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity.

Internship: United States Army—Madigan
General Hospital
Tacoma, Washington

SAMIE ABBAS ALLEY D.D.S., M.D.

Berwick, Pennsylvania *General Practice*

Dickinson College, Temple University Dental School

Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society, President; Phi Beta Pi Fraternity; Freshman Scholastic Award; Roche Award; Aesculapian Society; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: Medical College of Virginia
Richmond, Virgina

Sam; *the quiet one*; "Gengou;" *some of the best teeth around*; "*You're the most beautifulest girl . . . ;*" *patients* love *him*; *E.K.G. machines (blond) are helpful*; *scholar (took home most of the marbles)*; *occult night consultations at Mahon's.*

owie; *country boy at heart*; . . . Won-
rland; *made a lasting impression on*
. Mason; *"The public library—that's*
here they keep old issues of Sports Il-
strated."

HOWARD HAZLETT ALLISON B.S., M.D.

Tarentum, Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania State University

Internship: United States Army—Beaumont
General Hospital
El Paso, Texas

RALPH BLUMHARDT M.D.

Trenton, New Jersey

Rutgers University

Internship: United States Army—Tripler General Hospital
Honolulu, Hawaii

Ralph; *PGH Booster; "Scruff"; the big yellow notepad; our friendly Army Recruiter; always willing to give Williams a few pointers on the setup for a physiology experiment.*

Dirck; *"Roger!" one-man medical supply house; "Where's my black bag;" Wanna see a new picture of my daughters?"*

DIRCK LOWE BRENDLINGER B.S., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Temple University

Internship: United States Army—Tripler General Hospital
Honolulu, Hawaii

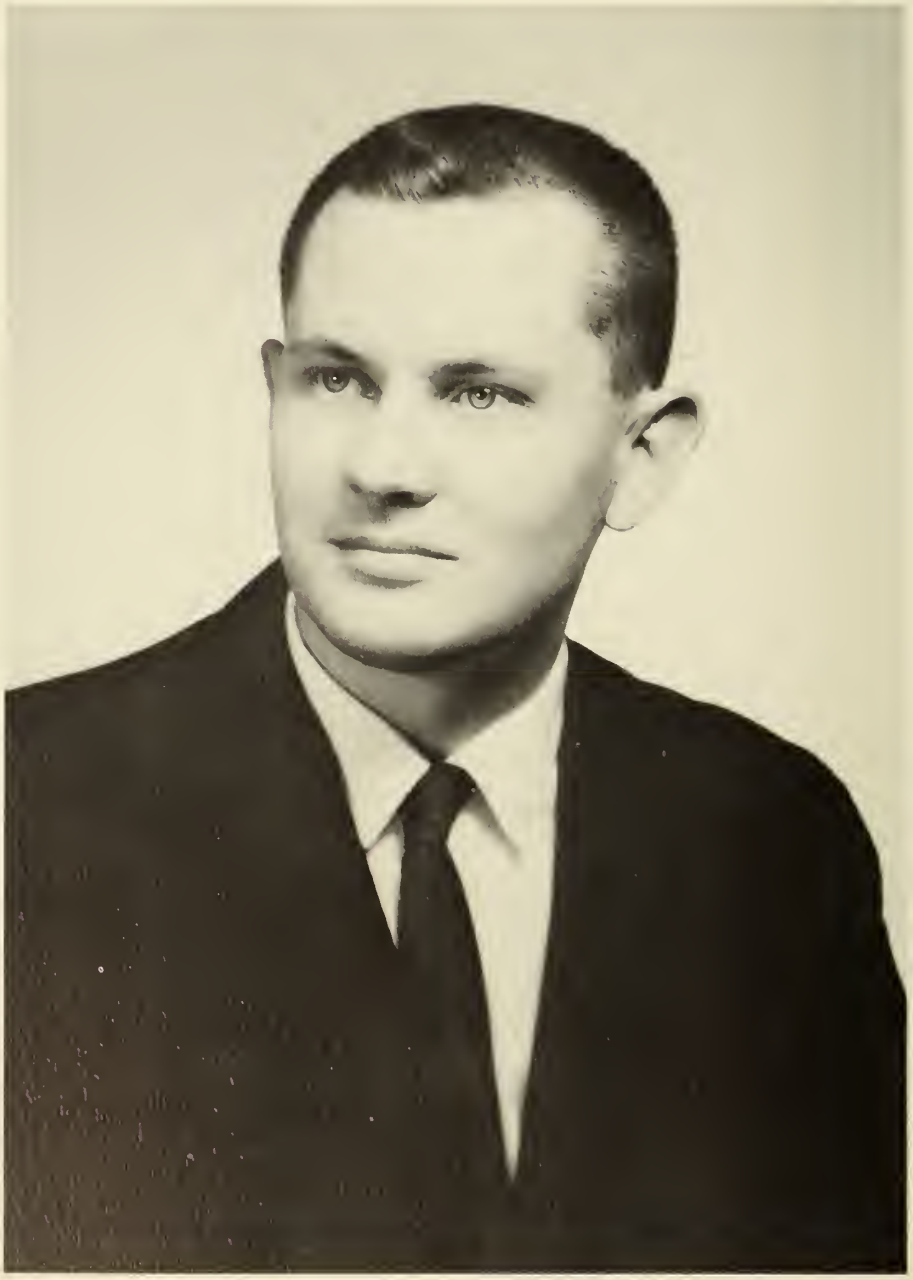
JESS ROBERT BURNS
Phoenixville, Pennsylvania

B.S., M.D.
General Practice

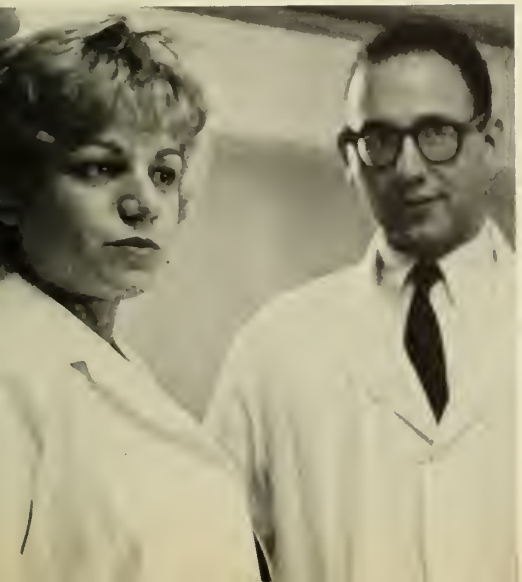
Ursinus College

Internship: The Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Bob; *the singing obstetrician; "Foot"—size 12 and hazardous; bright future in proctology: the next best reason (after "no rectum") for not doing a rectal exam; "Ward Surgery is great!" "Anyone knows a flatfish is better than a hulapopper!" ". . . just bought a new book;" "Expressway got me again this morning!"* **"What's that guy's name?"**



rannie; *effervescent; needlepoint ex-*
ert; "And where do I *stay when I'm on*
t night?" "More women should study
nedicine!" [especially blonds!].



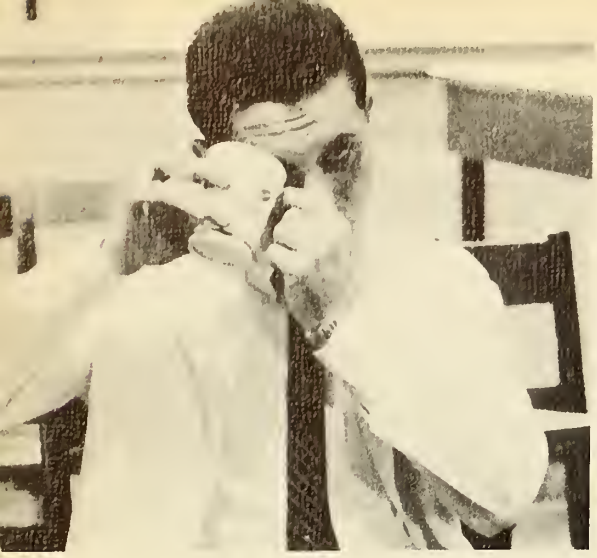
FRANCINE DEBORAH CAMITTA A.B., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Internal Medicine*

University of Pennsylvania

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity; Class Secretary; MacFadyen Gynecological Society; Women's Medical Association.

Internship: York Hospital
York, Pennsylvania



ROBERT JOHN CAPRIOTTI B.A., M.D.

Altoona, Pennsylvania *Neurosurgery*

Saint Vincent College

Phi Chi Fraternity, President; Aesculapian Society.

Internship: Atlantic City Hospital
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Eyes; *wouldn't have gone to medical school at all, except he got too heavy to be a jockey; president-in-exile of* **Brand X** (*"The rats deserted a sinking ship!"*); *"mucho dolor;" only Hahnemann student to ever diagnose (and treat!) an ectopic pregnancy in a teratoma of a 25 y.o. male; "witty, charming, brilliant, handsome, suave, debonnaire" (ask him); author of the best-selling three-volume monograph:* **Pogo Stick Pneumothorax;** *his new work,* **104 Ways to Contaminate Yourself in the O.R. and Escape Detection,** *is currently in press; served as equipment manager for the Ted Eastland Italian Eating Team until he lost three fingers in the pigs' knuckles finals in Peoria.*

alph; *"Mister Neat"*; **Class Philanthro-**
ist—*he gave $2000 to Hahnemann*
ours!); *chronic sunburn; a great starter;*
and then, if we could work nights and
eekends . . . ;" **"Apples;"** *for a few*
ennies more . . . ; an eager Beaver;
cute palindromic peri-examination he-
atic reexacerbations.

RALPH CAVALIER **A.B., M.D.**

Margate City, New Jersey *Surgery*

Princeton University

Phi Chi Fraternity; Aesculapian Society, President; Student Institute Class Representative.

Internship: Atlantic City Hospital
Atlantic City, New Jersey

THEODORE WILLIAM CLAIR — B.S., M.D.

Burlington, New Jersey — *Pediatrics*

Ursinus College

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Aesculapian Society; Class Vice-President; Student American Medical Association, Delegate.

Internship: Abington Memorial Hospital
Abington, Pennsylvania

Ted; *"The Honorable Theodore W. Clair;"* Vice-Prez and Representative from Holiday Lake; *"Finney"; an unprecedented 100 on a Neuro. Exam; "Considering this physical setup, it's rather difficult to have much* esprit de corps"; *polite and placid, even while blushing;" . . . and whenever I tell them I go to Hahnemann, they all say, 'Where?'."*

Denny; *commuted from Wilmington* Delaware!); *the traveling library*; out-ned Cecil! ! ! *the quiet hoopster*; *"Did ou try the library?"*

DENNIS GENE COLE B.S., M.D.

Wilmington, Delaware

Swarthmore College

Internship: Hamot Hospital
Erie, Pennsylvania

DONALD GORDON CRAWFORD B.S., M.D.

Merchantville, New Jersey *Pediatrics*

Wheaton College

Christian Medical Society; MacFadyen Gynecological Society.

Internship: Harrisburg Hospital
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Don; Cynic qua non; *Cole's conscience; avid admirer of gracious living; rhetorical dysphonia; "Whadja get?" received a citation from Dr. MacFadyen for achieving the impossible:* **he spent less time with OB patients in labor than their physicians did!** *endearing memories of a Path oral which ended rather abruptly and the smiling waitresses in the Hahnemann cafeteria.*

ohn; *the antithesis of Cavalier; mum-*
les; "Got a cigarette?" read Anderson
om cover to cover; promoter of law
nd order during sophomore finals; hol-
w leg; was never heard to raise his
oice—in fact, was rarely heard at all;
Hey, Fred, lemme borrow your jacket."

JOHN MORTON CUMMINGS — A.B., M.D.

Paoli, Pennsylvania — *Surgery*

Brown University

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity.

Internship: Nazareth Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

VINCENT JAMES DI STEFANO — A.B., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — *Pediatrics*

Temple University

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: Atlantic City Hospital
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Vince; *meticulous; world's neatest notes —even crosses out with dexterity*; **A.A. Clinic**—*"a good experience"; hurler.*

ed; *The Voice of Summer Street; Reggie"; never went to bed until oda's light went out; one of the few rong enough to throw Bard across the om; world's greatest collection of natomy books; studied more than any ree living men; "What's limber-neck chickens?" three sandwich lunch; an lvocate of obstetrics (at Hahnemann); nown to have eaten himself into acute stric dilatation at* **Harry's.**

THEODORE WILLIAM EASTLAND, JR. A.B., M.D

Fleetwood, Pennsylvania

LaSalle College

Internship: Allentown Hospital
Allentown, Pennsylvania

HOBART BRATTRUD EDSON M.D.

Rockford, Illinois *Internal Medicine*

Harvard University, Northwestern University

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; MacFadyen Gynecological Society.

Internship: San Francisco Hospital
San Francisco, California

Hobe; *half of the* **"Bobbsey Twins"—** *with Fine; almost missed a tour of Europe because of a mistake in the Path grades.*

social critic; seldom seen without
n; "Have you heard the latest
t . . . ."

BURTON PAUL FINE

A.B., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Pediatrics

Temple University

Internship: Health Center Hospitals
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

JERRY MARTIN GOTLIEB M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Internal Medicine*

Temple University

Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society; Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: Abington Memorial Hospital
Abington, Pennsylvania

Jerry; *Mr. Nonchalance; a* diet *at Misericordia? "Think I'll watch television tonight;" living proof that medical school can be a breeze (for some).*

Charlie; *"You have to be nuts to be a doctor!"* **guerrilla;** *originator of the Gueriera Method of keeping an antepartum patient from eating:* **tape her mouth!** *"Where's Charlie?"*

CHARLES JOSEPH GUERIERA B.S., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Obstetrics-Gynecology*

Saint Joseph's College

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity, Vice-President; Class Treasurer.

Internship: Thomas Fitzgerald-Mercy Hospital
Darby, Pennsylvania

PAUL GUTTERMAN M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Internal Medicine*

Temple University

Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity.

Internship: The Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Paul; *leader in Gross lectures; "Let's go over the test"; fond of obstetrics—and vice-versa!;* **"Whadja get?";** *"Miss Britt wants to see you—you probably flunked!" seldom asks a question he doesn't know the answer to; "Who's got the cards?"*

Art; *"I don't care about marks;"* first row, first seat; *never cut—anything! compulsive.*

ARTHUR STEPHEN HABER A.B., M.D.

Upper Darby, Pennsylvania *Surgery*

University of Pennsylvania

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity; Undergraduate Surgical Society.

Internship: Misericordia Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

CHARLES FRANCIS HALFPENNY, JR. B.S., M.D.

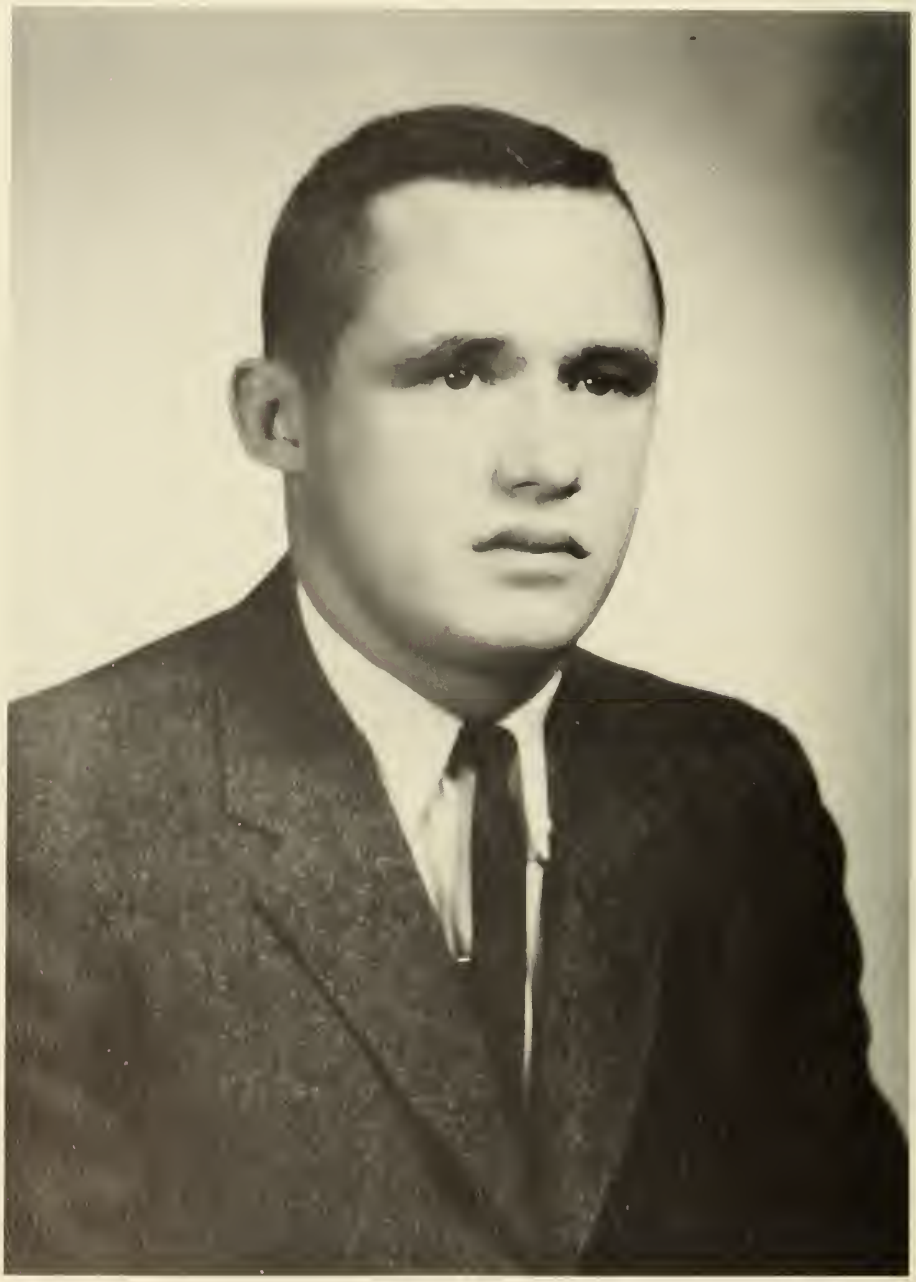
Havertown, Pennsylvania *General Practice*

Drexel Institute of Technology

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Aesculapian Society.

Internship: St. Mary's Hospital
West Palm Beach, Florida

Charlie; *advocate of the thin, simplified textbook; "Better to remember a little than to forget a lot;" squeezed 20,000 miles out of a $95 car;* **weekends in Miami, weekdays in Palm Beach;** *fastest calculator in the Physiology lab; "Did I ever tell you how much I hate Harrisburg?" in the market for a second hand surfboard.*



Ray; *our man on the Aerospace Team; "I'm trying a new tobacco;" victim of the* Big Shakedown; *"That's Takayusa's Disease, isn't it?" "I have to hang things on hooks, and there just wasn't anything big enough to get on a hook!"*

RAYMOND ASBJORN HANSEN B.S., M.D.

Teaneck, New Jersey

Trinity College

Internship: United States Army—Madigan General Hospital
Tacoma, Washington

JEROME HOWARD HOROWITZ M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Pediatrics*

Temple University

Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society; Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: Abington Memorial Hospital
Abington, Pennsylvania

Jerry; *top board man; casual conversations during lecture; astounding penmenship;* **soft spoken;** *"I'll have to ask Dolly first;" Dr. Cander's Argument—What was that?*

Charlie; *"Where's Charley?" Hit the sack at 10:00 P.M. every night in the sophomore year;* **CARE** *packages from home; tennis every Friday; "I love a parade;" track man in college?*

CHARLES DEWITT HUMMER, JR. A.B., M.D.

Camden, New Jersey *Internal Medicine*

Amherst College

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: York Hospital
York, Pennsylvania

JACK EDWARD HYMAN M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Internal Medicine*

Temple University

Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society; Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity.

Internship: Atlantic City Hospital
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Jack; *"Study? I watched T.V. last night!" ". . . three o'clock in the morning—to prep a patient, Dr. Wechsler?"*

George; *"Have a cigar!"* The Great Imitator.

GEORGE MARK JOHNSON

B.S., M.D.

Collingswood, New Jersey

Urology

Saint Joseph's College

Internship: York Hospital
York, Pennsylvania

WALTER JULIA **B.S., M.D.**

Stratford, New Jersey *General Practice*

Bucknell University

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity.

Internship: Perth Amboy Hospital
Perth Amboy, New Jersey

Walt; *an encyclopedia of practical wisdom; "Buck;" friendly spinner of tales and yarns;* **harmonicat;** *a vein greatly admired by Johnson;* **underground** *publisher; a good listener.*

Barry; *always seems to be going on a vacation; a home envied by not a few;* Mr. Reserved.

BARRY STEPHEN KAPLAN — A.B., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — *Psychiatry*

University of Pennsylvania

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity.

Internship: Albert Einstein Medical Center
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MICHAEL ROBERT KATZ M.D.

Margate City, New Jersey *Internal Medicine*

University of Pennsylvania

Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society; Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: Montefiore Hospital
New York City, New York

Mike; *a classic* student; *noted for his EKG consults; always something to say; "In* my *series of patients. . . ."*

Steve; *Hahnemann's* nice guy; *possibly the world's greatest note-taker; hand-writing only he can read; Mike's official excuse-maker.*

STEVEN EDWARD KATZ — B.A., M.D.

Overbrook Hills, Pennsylvania — *Internal Medicine*

Cornell University

Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society; Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity; Undergraduate Researeh Society.

Internship: Montefiore Hospital
New York City, New York

DALE LEE KEMMERER A.B., M.D.

Allentown, Pennsylvania *General Practice*

University of Pennsylvania

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity.

Internship: St. Luke's Hospital
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Dale; *glutton for punishment; "oh, boy, that's the greatest!" a diet at Misericordia?! carried a brief case for four years (his lunch was in it); the Burl Ives of* Harry's *(one-night stand).*

Kess; *a walking formulary with a stethoscope;* secundum artem; *the best part of Marv Koff; "Take* my *picture, Kess."*

ROBERT KESSLER — B.S., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — *Urology*

Temple University

Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society; Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity.

Internship: Nazareth Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MARVIN SAUL KOFF B.S., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Psychiatry*

Ursinus College

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Lunar Society.

Internship: Nazareth Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Marv; *"Sir, am I correct in assuming . . ;" known for his arguments with Dr. Calesink; "Now let's consider the sociological, economic, political, historical, and philosophical aspects of that problem;" known for his arguments with Dr. Cander; "Yes, I'll admit that I'm guilty of talking in lecture, but then again . . ;" never took a note*–never! *known for his arguments with* everybody; *"Psychiatry is the basis of medicine!" managed successfully, at one time or another, to antagonize* everyone.

Vern; *noted for his* **ties**; *a real sleeper; favorite pasttime: eating; Christmas caroler; organizing an anti-Freud league.*

VERNON H. KRATZ A.B., M.D.

Creamery, Pennsylvania *General Practice*

Eastern Baptist College

Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society; Christian Medical Society, President.

Internship: St. Luke's Hospital
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

CARL AUGUSTUS LAM **B.S., M.D.**

Georgetown, British Guiana *Obstetrics-Gynecology*

Muhlenberg College

Phi Beta Pi Fraternity, Secretary; Alexis Carrel Society.

Internship: Allentown Hospital
Allentown, Pennsylvania

Carl; *"Hey, mon . . ." chief of Stetson Hospital;* **never** *went to* **Harry's;** *five-man Renault: Kratz's sympathetic nervous system.*

Lar; *strong, silent type*; "**hey, man**;" *aneurysm ! ! ! "Lash;"* **Ball Time**; *"What, me hurry?" will be reincarnated as Tab Hunter; "Goin' over Dew's;" one of the Falcons, noted for his caricatures.*

LAWRENCE KENNETH LASKA B.S., M.D.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania State University

Phi Beta Pi Fraternity; Aesculapian Society; Alexis Carrel Society;

Internship: Allegheny General Hospital
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

WILLIAM EDWARD LATHAN B.S., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania State University

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity.

Internship: The Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Bill; *SKF fellow: carried the name of Hahnemann to far distant shores; "Lemme ask you a question . . . ;" read the newspaper while everyone else panicked before exams; radio bug; ". . . make the loan come to $25 a month."*

Herm; *"California, here I come!" "Everyone should make his own mistakes;" "Bid 4 hearts;"* **Bicillin,** *prophylactic dose; "Bid 4 spades;" always a kind word; temperance is a virtue; noted for his handwriting–nobody could read it,* **ever!**

HERMAN LIBSHITZ A.B., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Radiology*

University of Pennsylvania

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity.

Internship: Mount Zion Hospital
San Francisco, California

GEORGE ROBERT LITTLE

A.B., M.D.

Murrysville, Pennsylvania

General Practice

Gettysburg College

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity.

Internship: Harrisburg Hospital
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Bob; *The Reverend Little's Son; refreshment concession at Harrisburg; "Are toupees expensive?" a nurses best friend; stray from a clerical fold; friend to the friendless.*

Dan; *"You mean I was on last night?" surgery fan; "Any more dressings to change?" high clinic output–when present!* **The sniffer;** *". . . thought I'd go hunting."*

DANIEL MILES LUNDBLAD — A.B., M.D.

Yeadon, Pennsylvania — *Pathology*

University of Pennsylvania

Internship: Thomas M. Fitzgerald-Mercy Hospital
Darby, Pensylvania

WILLIAM STRAN McCURLEY III B.S., M.D.

Wynnewood, Pennsylvania *Pediatrics*

Villanova University

Alpha Kappa Kappa, President; Student Institute Class Representative; Alexis Carrel Society; Undergraduate Psychiatric Society; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: United States Navy—United States Naval Hospital
Camp Pendleton, California

Mac; *ephebiatrics fan; "I've never seen a bad kid!" only student in the history of Hahnemann to* request *Girard College; trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind . . . ; "You still didn't answer my question."*

Jim; *"I'm sure I flunked that test!" on OB 6 out of 7 nights; "Where'd you ever get* that *idea, Mac?"*

JAMES LEROY MYERS **A.B., M.D.**

Wayne, Pennsylvania *Obstetrics-Gynecology*

Dartmouth College

Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society; Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: The Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BARRY WILLIAM MORSE B.S., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Internal Medicine*

Temple University School of Pharmacy

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity; Undergraduate Surgical Society.

Internship· The Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Barry; *"Any good patients in the house?" decided to write for drugs, rather than compound them; "I never get the good patients!" affiliation at the* **White Elephant.**

Hugh; *"What's happening?"* **"Hogue;"** *"What'd St. Joe's do last night?" once swallowed a trumpet; "You mean finals are today?" Mr. Bewildered;* **S.H.:** *smokes 2–3 pks./d.; "Do cigarettes really cause lung cancer?"*

HUGH J. MULLIN, JR. B.S., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Internal Medicine*

Saint Joseph's College

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Alexis Carrel Society; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: Misericordia Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DONALD FREDERICK NASE B.S., M.D.

Line Lexington, Pennsylvania *Internal Medicine*

Muhlenberg College

Phi Chi Fraternity; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: Harrisburg Hospital
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Don; *founded a new prognostic sign:* **"The Buzzard Count;"** *Library=sleep;* *"Hello . . . no, Don's not here."*

Bernie; *"What gives the Sphinx its smile?" never wrong–***never!** *"The book's wrong–it has to be!" no notes; studied off of the ceiling (for 4 weeks in A-5); "Nope, you're wrong again!"*

BERNARD S. ONDASH — B.S., M.D.

Sweet Valley, Pennsylvania — *Surgery*

Wilkes College

Phi Beta Pi Fraternity.

Internship: St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital
Ann Arbor, Michigan

JAMES ANTHONY PADOVA M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Saint Joseph's College

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Alexis Carrel Society; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: Nazareth Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Jim; *only member of the class to publish in the* **New England Journal**; *"Gordon, did I give you permission to do that?" "More medical students should plan to go into small community practice."*

Sandy; *You don't have to be smart to graduate from medical school."* **the question mark;** *"That's the kind of monkey I want to be!" $50,000 life insurance policy– who else is worth that* **much?** *"Any phone numbers today?" an integrated plan of study, based on old exams; "Lend me your notes;"* **ANETHEIOLOGY;** *"Well, I just woke up!"*

SANDOR PASKIN **B.S., M.D.**

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Anesthesiology*

Villanova University

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity, Treasurer; Student Institute Class Representative; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: Albert Einstein Medical Center
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

ARTHUR STEVEN PATCHEFSKY M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Temple University

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity; MacFadyen Gynecological Society; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: Temple University Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Art; *never on time*–never! *"Give me a dime to call my wife!" expects an award for attendance; "I missed some great lectures!" "Am I losing my hair?" "I can't afford it."*

Pete; *who said money can't buy everything!* "*And then there was the time on Heartbreak Ridge . . .*" *author of* **Peter Pavitt's Precise Praeces;** "*Pssstt! You wanna job in my clinic?*" *proponent of the old knee trick;* "*Your sick!*" **C.V.I.** *is close to his heart;* "*You mean that big red thing is the liver?*" *once flunked an exam because* **he knew too much;** *singularly distinguished in first year Psychiatry.*

PETER CHARLES PAVITT — B.A., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — *General Practice*

University of Pennsylvania

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity.

Internship: Albert Einstein Medical Center
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

ALFONSO F. PETTI M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Temple University

Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society; Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Alexis Carrel Society; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: Nazareth Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Al; *Chief of Staff at Community;* The Great Obstetrician; *"Anyone for pinocle?"*

Frank; *retired* city manager *and* sanitary engineer; *"Pettybone;" "Say, lad . . .;" once became invisible for three days by walking sideways; "I mean to* tell *ya'!"* orchitis magnus; *"Everybody nuts!" took a cut in pay to become a physician; "Now* that's *some kinda stuff!" future Surgeon General; "You* know *it, Daddy!"*

FRANK SCHMERMUND PETTYJOHN

B.S.C.E., M.D.

Milford, Delaware — *Surgery*

University of Delaware

Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society; Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Aesculapian Society.

Internship: United States Army—Madigan General Hospital
Tacoma, Washington

NICHOLAS RICHARD PITHA B.S., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Internal Medicine*

Saint Joseph's College

Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society; Alpha Kappa Kappa, Vice-President; Aesculapian Society; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: Nazareth Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Nick; *"Let's play golf;" "I wouldn't miss Harrisburg!" Mutt & Jeff: Pitha & Pettyjohn; Limericks.*

Barry; *smiler;* The Phantom; *"Anybody seen Portner?" "Who?"* "Who?" *Hahnemann's own* Good Humor *man;* "WHO?" *Portner-Schick: ischiopagi.*

BARRY PORTNER — M.D.

Atlantic City, New Jersey — *Surgery*

Franklin and Marshall College

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity.

Internship: Sinai Hospital
Baltimore, Maryland

FRANKLIN M. PREISER **B.S., M.D.**

Hillside, New Jersey *Internal Medicine*

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Alpha Omega Alpha Honor Society; Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity.

Internship: Baltimore City Hospital
Baltimore, Maryland

Frank; *Baker House, M.I.T.; The Counter-Current Theory; "Nice guys finish last!" ds/dt; "Now you see when . . . ;" "I can always take out gallbladders;" "Where's my* **Aludrox?"**

John; *Mr. Crewcut; the flower of Miami Beach; flunked the course at* Vic Tanney's.

JOHN MURRAY RAVIN — A.B., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — *General Practice*

Temple University

Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity.

Internship: Mount Sinai Hospital
Miami Beach, Florida

ARNOLD M. ROTH A.B., M.D.

Elizabeth, New Jersey *Surgery*

Rutgers University

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity; Undergraduate Research Society, Chairman.

Internship: Detroit Receiving Hospital
Detroit, Michigan

Arnie; *Mr. Endocrinology; "What's hot, baby?"* **Cool Ontz;** *"Wanna borrow my apartment?" "Doobah;" "I gotta warm up the mobile unit tonight."*

John; *Kratz's alter ego; "That Pennsylvania Dutch country can be awfully nice!"*

JOHN MARK RUTT **B.S., M.D.**

New Holland, Pennslyvania *General Practice*

Eastern Mennonite College

Christian Medical Society

Internship: Lancaster General Hospital
Lancaster, Pennslyvania

STANLEY JOHN RZEPELA **A.B., M.D.**

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Surgery*

La Salle College

Phi Chi Fraternity, Treasurer; Aesculapian Society

Internship: Nazareth Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Stan; *the well-worn* **Woodburne; the id;** *acts according to primary process;* *"Skiing, anyone?" the Polka King.*

John; *the omnipresent smile;* "Moonbeam;" *will eventually become one of the few quiet, pleasant surgeons in existence;* "The Eye got me last night;" *occasionally accused of having adrenal cortical hyperplasia.* "So I asked him if I could borrow his neurological hammer, and he made me take the whole set, pain-wheel and all!"

JOHN FOSTER SCHADE — A.B., M.D.

Hazelton, Pennsylvania — *Surgery*

Wilkes College

Phi Beta Pi Fraternity; Aesculapian Society.

Internship: The Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

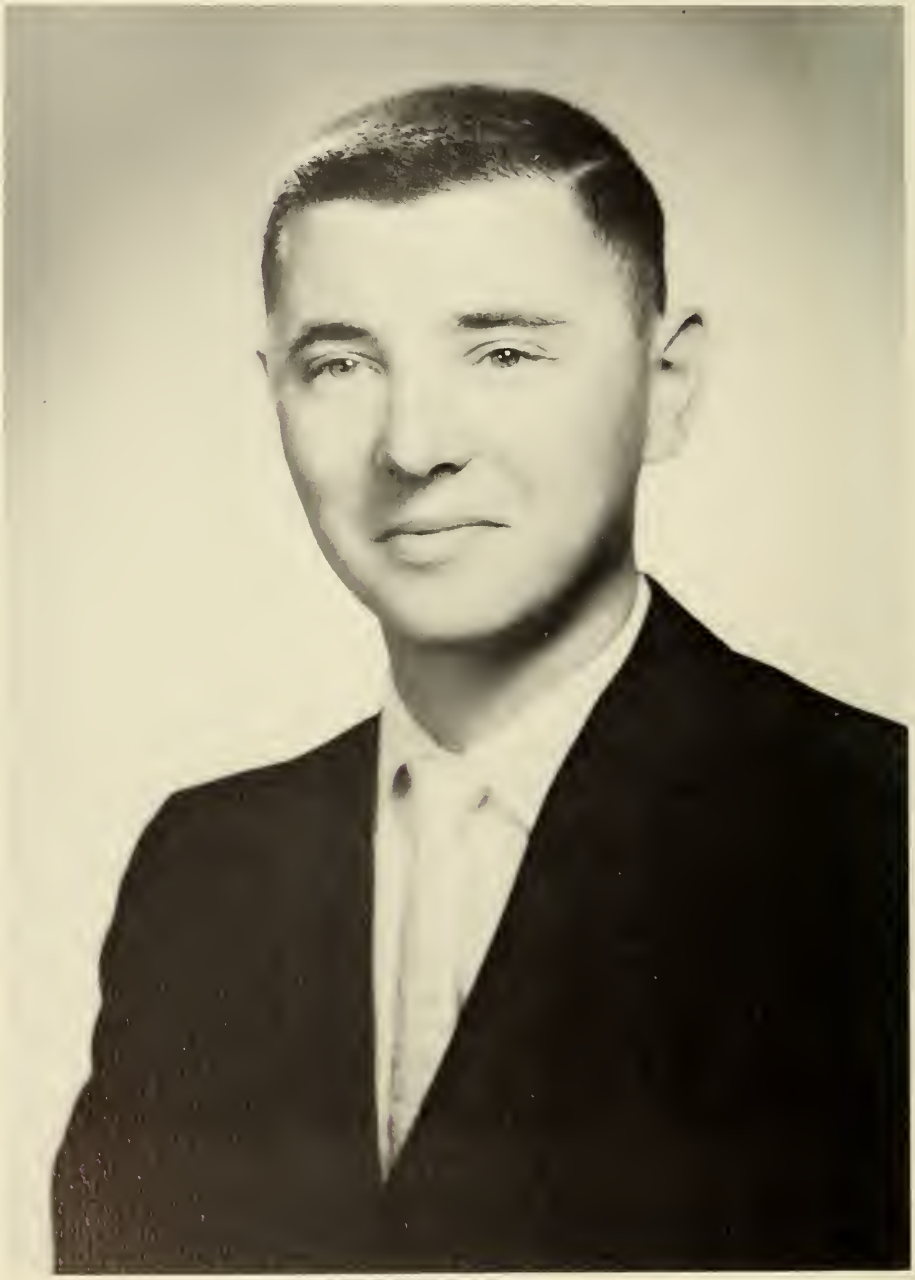
ERWIN SANFORD SHARTZ A.B., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Pediatrics*

Temple University

Internship: The Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Irv; *Gottlieb's right-hand man: "Write bigger, Jerry!" "Come on, Irv, do Dr. Johnson again!" our own* Rifleman.



Herb; *Chairman of the Board; "Who needs the aggravation?"; Portner's straight man.*

HERBERT LOUIS SHICK

B.S., M.D.

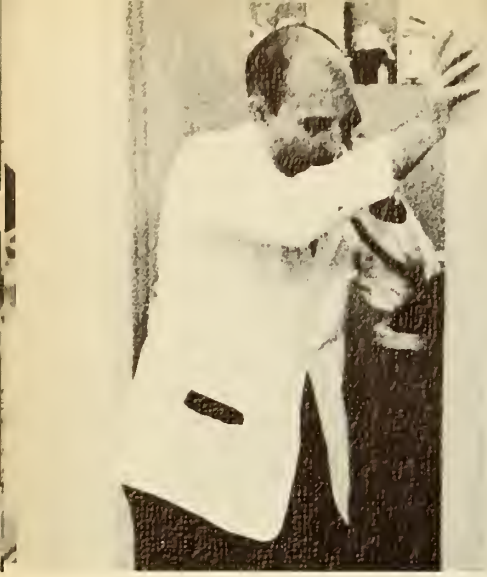
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Internal Medicine

Franklin and Marshall College

Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity.

Internship: Sinai Hospital
Baltimore, Maryland



JOSEPH HARRIS SIMON B.S., M.S., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *General Practice*

University of Pennsylvania

Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity.

Internship: Abington Memorial Hospital
Abington, Pennsylvania

Joe; *"If there are any calls for me . . ;" ". . . of course this policy covers fire, theft and water damage;" Bev and the kids; "I've gotta make a house call."*

Leon; *the Morris that grew up to be a Mercedes;* "Do you agree wit' me on dot?/Yes, I do-ooo,/Whatever dot you say, / I'm wit' you-ooo!" *man of many talents:* "*I'm getting a special mixture from Dunhill;*" expensive tastes! "*If that's a camera, take my picture!*"

LEON ARTHUR SKWEIR

B.S., M.D.

Northampton, Pennsylvania

Psychiatry

Muhlenberg College

Phi Chi Fraternity; Undergraduate Psychiatric Society; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: The Bryn Mawr Hospital
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

WILLIAM HARRIS STAMPS — A.B., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania — *Surgery*

LaSalle College

Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity.

Internship: Abington Memorial Hospital
Abington, Pennsylvania

Bill; *"Of course, with a classic case of Arnold-Chiari deformity, the findings include . . .;" "Where's Shartz?"*

Barry; *"I haven't studied at all!"* char-
acter builder; *"Anybody want to go for*
a ride?" "Steels;" *"Hiya, guys;"* *"You've*
got to keep your self-respect;" sabotaged
by TIME; *"Wow!"* "Gotta get outta
Philadelphia!"

RUSH BARRETT STEELMAN A.B., M.D.

Beach Haven, New Jersey *Internal Medicine*

University of Arizona

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Class Treasurer.

Internship: The Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MANUEL STEIN B.S., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *General Practice*

Pennsylvania State University

Internship: Milwaukee County Hospital
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Manny; *"Honest, Dr. Truex, I do come to class;" defender of the underdog; voluminous notes; "Norman Thomas for President;" a handful of strings; "Has anyone seen Dr. Tropea?" "Turn the knob which way, Dr. Wolferth–oops!"*

Bob; *"Did I ever tell you about* Tasty-Cakes?" *potential member of the* John Birch Society; *"Squeak-squeak;"* STAND-BACKer! *"Let's face it . . . ;"* *Mr. Conservative.*

ROBERT CLARKE STEPPACHER B.S., M.D.

Scranton, Pennsylvania

Holy Cross University

MacFadyen Gynecological Society; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: York Hospital
York Pennsylvania

JOHN CLINTON STONER B.S., M.D.

Columbia, Pennsylvania *Obstetrics-Gynecology*

Ursinus College

Phi Beta Pi Fraternity; MacFadyen Gynecological Society.

Internship: Harrisburg Hospital
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

John; . . . *"Go Onnn . . . ;" "57 days!"*
"Did you write up that autopsy yet?"

Randy; *"Mr. Success;" I gotta warm up my car; ". . . whereas the Japanese persimmon is a more common cause of intestinal obstruction in Japan;"* **Jolly Green Giant**; *"I was listening to records . . . ;" founder of the* **Tatem Method** *of post-op care, which encourages the removal of sutures on the first post-op day (successful series of one case!).*

HENRY RANDOLPH TATEM III A.B., M.D.

Audubon, New Jersey *Obstetrics-Gynecology*

Williams College

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; MacFadyen Gynecological Society.

Internship: West Jersey Hospital
Camden, New Jersey

YOSHITSUGU TERAMOTO A.B., M.D.

Honokaa, Hawaii *Surgery*

Hiram College

Phi Beta Pi Fraternity.

Internship: Highland-Alameda County Hospital
Oakland, California

Terry; *"Say little and do much . . ."* (The Talmud); *Haunted by the blunt dissector; veni-puncture champ; "Got another parking ticket;" "I like big cigars;" "Tilted again!" "If it snows, we can go sledding;" "I'm working tonight—in 3 places!"*

Joe; *"There oughter be a lawr;"* the *worn, saggy, indestructible briefcase; "Ophthalmology—10 diseases, 6 drugs, no nights, no weekends;" "Well, Dr. Shultz, an amino acid is made up of a string of peptides;" "Watch those gloves, son;" "I need my glasses fixed, Joe;"* **blunt dissection;** *"FDR—now there was a man . . . ;" "Watch out for the little people;" "Now I was jes thinkin' that . . ."*

JOSEPH CHARLES TOLAND O.D., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania *Ophthalmology*

La Salle College, Pennsylvania State College of Optometry

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity.

Internship: United States Navy—Naval Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PAUL JOHN TOOT A.B., M.D.

Amsterdam, New York

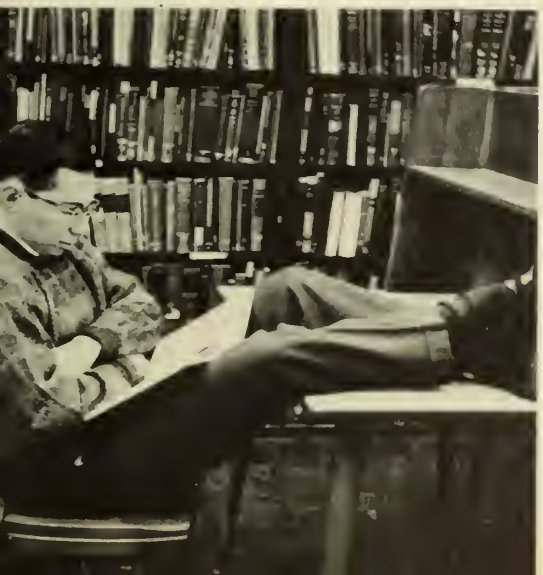
Princeton, University

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity, Secretary.

Internship: Lenox Hill Hospital
New York City, New York

Paul; *"Anyone ever kid you about your name?" Inspiration of the* Toot Triad: *a response to any question for which the answer is not yet present in the cerebrum:* 1. A blank stare, 2. Unintelligible mumbling, 3. 48 succeeding hours of compulsive research; *"I'm going to New York."*

Joe; *alias Joe Nugan; micrographia—freshman psychiatry notes on one page; lived in the reading room for 2 years (on bread and water); acquainted with the night; ". . . then he said, 'What's her sibling constellation?'" "McKeesport has two rivers."*



JOSEPH IRWIN UNGAR B.S., M.D.

McKeesport, Pennsylvania *General Practice*

University of Pittsburgh

Impulse; *The Medic 1963*, Editorial Associate.

Internship: Mount Sinai Hospital
Cleveland, Ohio

GEORGE J. VUKMER B.S., M.D.

Townville, Pennsylvania *General Practice*

Allegheny College

MacFadyen Gynecological Society.

Internship: United States Navy—Naval Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

George; *multiple myeloma; Hix & Pix, four bits (at $2.00 an hour); "That's great!" "Hmm, very interesting;" Leeuwenhoek Special; "It sounds logical."*

Saul; *son of "Jack the Quack;" M-G; cut now, pay later; "lemme ask you something . . ."; mohair suits; "Hey listen pal . . ;"* **organizer;** *breakfast at Rumpelmaiers'; "Lemme at that fat Hawaiian!" where'd you get that tie?; "married life?" "why did you cut the onion?"*

SAUL F. WEINSTEIN — B.S., M.D.

Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania — *Surgery*

Albright College

Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity, President; Interfraternity Council, President; Undergraduate Research Society; Undergraduate Surgical Society; *The Medic 1963*, Business Manager.

Internship: The Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

ALEXANDER WILLIAM WILLIAMS, JR. A.B., M.D.

Internal Medicine

Westfield, New Jersey

Lafayette College

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Aesculapian Society; Student Institute; Lunar Society; MacFadyen Gynecological Society; Undergraduate Research Society; *Impulse*, Interim Editor; *The Medic 1963*, Editor.

Internship: The Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Al; *Logan Circle; starlings in the Gingerbread Castle; "Don't think–it'll get you in trouble!" "Where's Al?" night people;* **SEND HELP!** *"You're kidding!"* **help stamp out mental health!** *". . . medical residents are neat!" "Whatever happened to good old-fashioned water bagel?" "I'd love to–all I need is the money!" ". . . and then I told him that if he wasn't evaluating me every day in Peds. Clinic, he wasn't fulfilling* **his** *obligation!"*

Mitch; *Hey, Chief;" "I don't believe it!" "He's the* **malach-a-movus** *of the week;"* **Shelly and Sheldon;** *"I need that like a hole in the head!" "See ya at Abes;" "Never volunteer for anything;" "I don't wanna go to Harrisburg;" "I'm on a diet."*

MITCHELL WOLDOFF A.B., M.D.

Penn Valley, Pennsylvania *Pediatrics*

Temple University

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity; Undergraduate Research Society; *The Medice 1963*, Advertising Associate.

Internship: United States Army—Martin Army Hospital
Fort Benning, Georgia

RONALD JOHN WROBLEWSKI B.S., M.D.

Trenton, New Jersey *Internal Medicine*

Saint Joseph's College

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Undergraduate Research Society.

Internship: The Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Ronnie; *"Varrobleffsky;" "Well, you're wrong!" "It was my impression that . . .;" "Why should I buy books?" grammarian; "WHY?" chocolate sundaes at Dewey's h.s. prn; "I was sleeping, that's why!"*

FEZ; *Ohaaho; metastatic Buick;* **Good Time Fletcher;** *"Twitch;" only car in Philadelphia with a neurosis;* **Lady Killer;** *stock in AT&T; "Why are you always so antagonistic?" "What, me worry?" "Gotcha!" "Purity is a virtue."*

FLETCHER EVERETT ZIMPFER II B.S., M.D.

Sidney, Ohio *Surgery*

Ohio State University

Phi Chi Fraternity, Vice-President; Aesculapian Society.

Internship: University Hospital
Jackson, Mississippi

JOYCE ROCHELLE ZISSMAN A.B., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pensylvania *Pediatrics*

University of Pennsylvania

Phi Lambda Kappa Fraternity; MacFadyen Gynecological Society; Alpha Epsilon Iota, Women's Medical Association.

Internship: The Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Joyce; *the glamour of the inseparable trio:* Joyce, Mike, and Steve; *another vote for more women in medicine.*

Tom; *"Res ipsa loquitur;"* Our Leader; *forensic medicine . . . orthopedics . . . ob-gyn . . . neurosurgery . . . forensic medicine . . . ; "The plaintiff . . . I mean, the patient . . . ;" direct wire to Evanston; son of S.A.M.A.; "Be it resolved . . . ;" "Take another good minute of scrub, Tom;" "I can't get them [the class] to do anything!"* pain-wheel.

THOMAS FRANK ZUCK A.B., L.L.B., M.D.

Sandusky, Ohio *Forensic Medicine*

Carleton College, Yale Law School

Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity, Treasurer; Class President; Student Institute, President; Student American Medical Association, Chapter President; *Impulse*, Interim Editor.

Internship: United States Army—Tripler General Hospital
Honolulu, Hawaii

ELLEN JANE BOSSARD BISCHOFF A.B., M.D.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Temple University

Internship: Providence Hospital
Portland, Oregon

Ellen; *the class mother; goodness, sweetness, and light . . .; missionary to* P.G.H.; z-z-z-z-z-z; *the* smile *(dauntless, inscrutable, indescribable–re:* Mona Lisa); Enovid for D.P.A.; *"Delivered what?* You're kidding!"

FREDERICK LOUIS GLAUSER B.S., M.D.

Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania *Internal Medicine*

Ursinus College

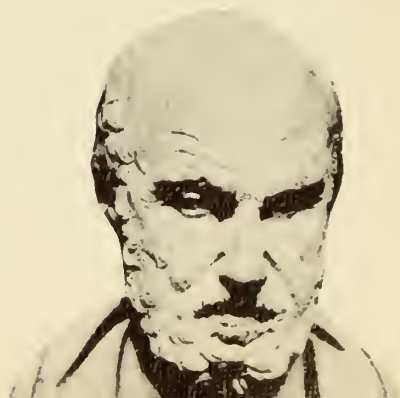
Aesculapian Society.

Internship: Milwaukee County Hospital
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Fred; *one of the Night People; "Hey, fella;" you name it, he's read it;* "Right;" Neat; *"Anyone seen my raincoat?" favorite book title:* Is There A Life After Birth? *Jack Daniels; never date a schicksa! "Ya got a cigarette?" will take a salary cut to do his internship; "Hey, Jules. I'm back on the payroll;" "'Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets, / The muttering retreats . . .' ."*

oath

I swear, by Apollo, the physician, and Aesculapius, and Health, and All-heal, and all the gods and goddesses, that, according to my ability and judgement, I will keep this oath and this stipulation: to reckon him who taught me this Art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him, and relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring in the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this Art, if they shall wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation, and that by precept, lecture, and every other mode of instruction, I will impart a knowledge of the Art to my own sons, and those of my teachers, and to disciples bound by a stipulation and oath according to the law of Medicine, but to none others. I will follow the system of regimen which, according to my ability and judgement, I consider for the benefit of my patients and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to any one if asked, nor suggest any such counsel; and in like manner I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my Art. I will not cut persons laboring under the stone, but will leave this to be done by men who are practitioners of this work. Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption; and further from the seduction of females or males, of freemen and slaves. Whatever in connection with my professional practice or not in connection with it, I see or hear, in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this Oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the Art respected by all men in all times! But should I trespass and violate this Oath, may the reverse be my lot!



epilogue

There were occasions, seldom though they seemed, when we managed to extract ourselves from labs and clinics, when we temporarily broke the reflex arcs and allowed weary axons to find respite in largely non-objective activities. We filled spurious idle moments during school days with the directionless machinations of playing pinball, drinking coffee, and engaging in innumerable bull sessions. Our nights, though crowded, allowed us more frequent opportunities to engage in non-curricular activities, and we found time, occasionally, to indulge ourselves in personal reverie or social intercourse with our friends and families. Rare free weekends and uncommitted days gave us time for more organized activities: fraternity parties, sports, even an occasional annual dance. These were times when the starched white jackets and gleaming instruments were put aside, and we, for a time, looked and felt like other people. Although it may have seemed so, we did not work all the time. These were times of relaxation, times of play.

Tension mounts at the Eastern Invitational Pinball Championships

Cranioischiothoracopagus

"And all the time I thought he was the guy that delivered salami to *Abe's*."

Every boy should have one!

"What'd you say 'R.F.' stood for, Fletch?"

Tumor, Dolor, Functio Laesa, Rubor, et Calor

"I'm tellin' ya, Charlie, the kymograph was connected to the manometer in that experiment!"

"That's right, Mac, you heard what I said!"

"Ya wanna discuss it outside, Bigmouth?"

"Waddaya mean, 'he's happy *because* everybody left?!' "

Check his palmar creases!

family

the
Lathans

Shelley
&
Mitch
Woldoff

Don, Donna, & Ann Crawford

Kaplan clan

the
Stoners

the
Kemmerers
&
Edsons

the
Koffs

Simons all (Beverly, Lauren, Amy, & Julie)

the
Pettis

the Johnsons

Sheila & Saul Weinstein

the Kesslers

Lee & George Vukmer, *et al.*

Art & Judy Haber

the Julias

the Patchefskys

best of the Pithas

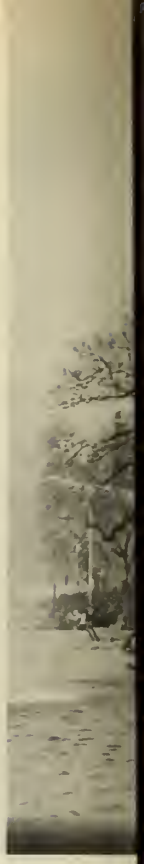
the Shicks

Gregg, Angie, & Terry Teramoto

campus

While it cannot be said that a campus, as such, exists here, it can be seen that Hahnemann avails its student body of the range of experience present only in such a central urban setting as is Philadelphia's dynamic Center City—the beauty of the Benjamin Franklin Parkway, of Logan Circle, the colonial quiescence of Hicks and Mole Streets, the architectural *melee* of Penn Plaza—all these can be seen to be within the scope of our "campus."

Summer Street



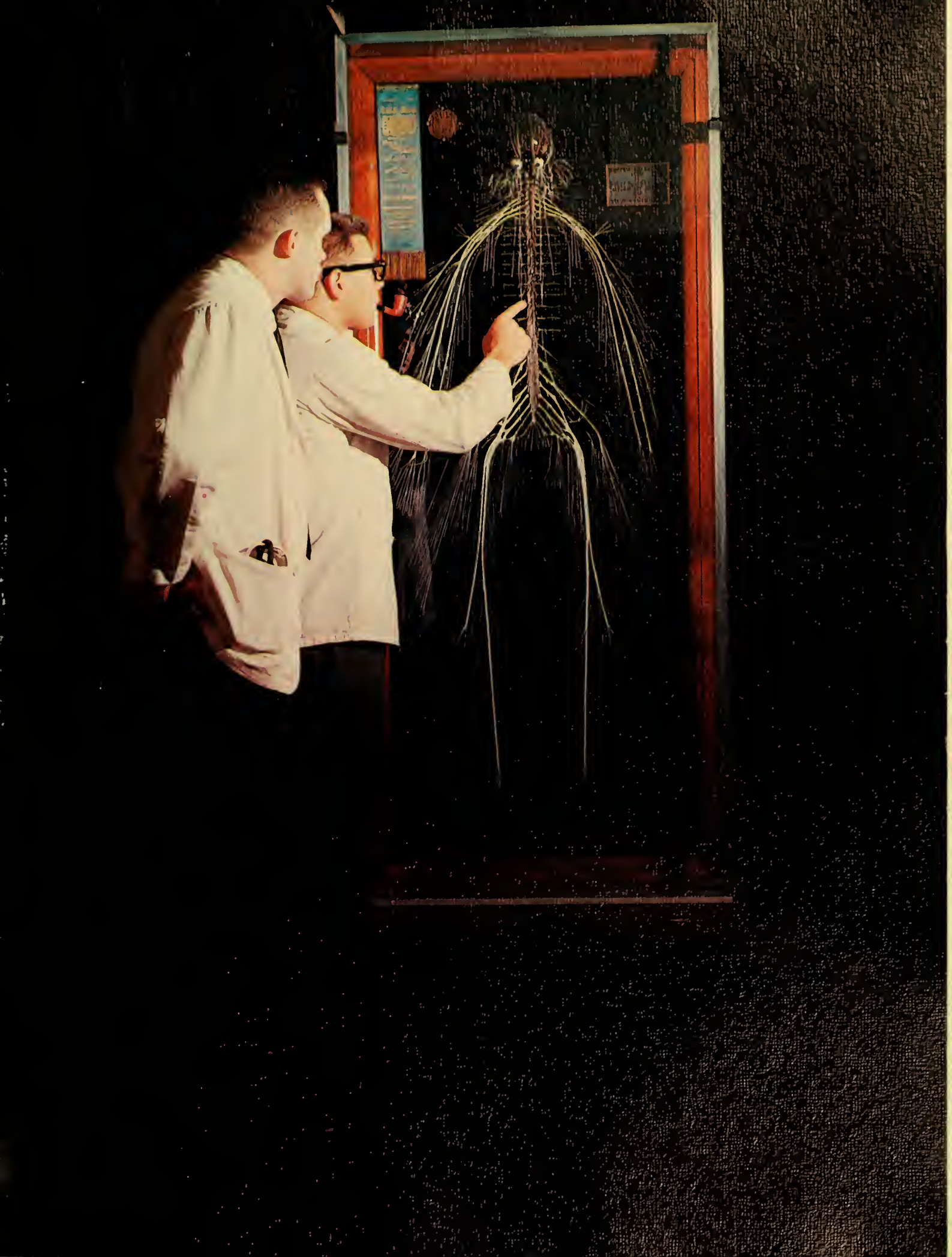
View from Benjamin Franklin Parkway

Museum

Logan Circle

In the spring of 1962, the first major step in Hahnemann's long anticipated building program was taken with the initiation of work on the new Nurses Residence. The construction has been followed avidly by the entire Hahnemann Family, since it has come to represent the materialization of what previously ofttimes seemed an unattainable fantasy. Its reality has become, perhaps, the focal point of an awareness of rebirth at Hahnemann and a foundation for the formulation of rejuvenated and optimistic expectations.

PHYSICIANS
PARKING
ONLY



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acknowledgements

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Portions of "Medical Education at the Hahnemann Medical College" by Hobart A. Riemann, M.D., prepared especially for *The Medic 1963*, are used with sincere appreciation.

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The Altoona Hospital, a community service voluntary institution founded in 1883, has a bed capacity of 328 beds with 40 bassinets and is approved by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals. The hospital bed capacity is divided into four major care categories:

Obstetrics	40 beds
Pediatrics	53 beds
Medicine and Surgery	224 beds
Intensive Care	11 beds

In addition to the facilities, the medical care teams of the hospital are well-supported in their efforts by a modern, well-equipped Laboratory and Blood Bank, X-Ray Department with Radio-Therapy facilities, Physical Therapy and Rehabilitation, and Anaesthesia Service.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM

The professional education program of The Altoona Hospital is under the direction of the Director of Medical Education, Dr. J. M. Stowell, with the assistance of the members of the Active Staff. The program meets in full all the requirements of the Pennsylvania State Board of Medical Licensure.

The practical experience is stressed at The Altoona Hospital as it is our philosophy that it is very important to follow and round out the medical education after the academic training of the university medical school.

All patients in the Hospital are available for teaching purposes, thus affording a wealth of material in all aspects of medicine. In addition this gives excellent training in the management of private patients as well as charity patients, to prepare the individual for private practice or for future residency training in specialties.

INTERN AND RESIDENT STAFF

The Hospital is approved for 12 rotating Internships and offers Residencies in Obstetrics, Surgery, General Practice, and Pathology. Duty schedules for interns require service every third night and every third weekend. The intern stipend is set at $300/month. In addition, all Interns and Residents receive a uniform allowance, room and board, and adequate malpractice insurance coverage along with YMCA and Blairmont Country Club memberships. New private 2-room suites with private bath are available for single house officers. Married quarters are also available and an allowance of $80/month is made to married house officers living with their families and unable to be accommodated in hospital owned housing.

THE COMMUNITY

Altoona, one of the most progressive cities in the country, has made heroic strides towards industrial diversification and community redevelopment. Located in the heart of the beautiful Allegheny Mountains, this town of 80,000 is in a state of physical and spiritual progress. An extension of Penn State is located in the town; hospital facilities include two acute general care facilities, a Veteran's Administration Hospital, the 156 bed Valley View County Home and the Hollidaysburg State Hospital. Access to State Parks and other recreational facilities is within easy reach.

APPLICATION PROCEDURE

Appointments are made in accordance with regulations of the National Intern Matching Program. For additional information and application forms, write to:

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Director of Medical Education
The Altoona Hospital
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- **Aids to Medical Education**—the George W. Merck Memorial Loan Funds for interns and residents in 29 medical schools of the United States and Canada.

- **Grants in Support**—"Pre-Med," a national magazine for premedical students; "Medical Career Program," through the Student American Medical Association.

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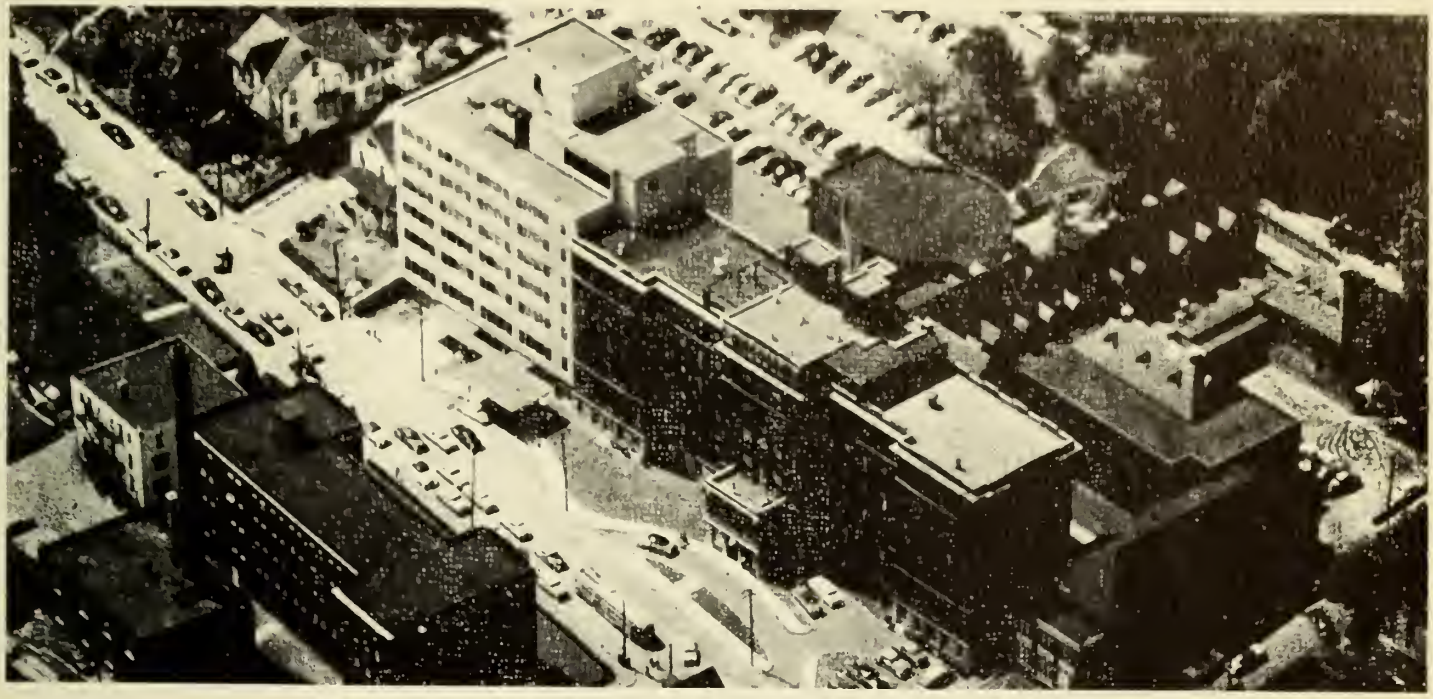

A fully accredited voluntary general hospital of 500 beds and 40 bassinets. The hospital is located in an industrial community of approximately 65,000. Greater Johnstown including the boroughs surrounding the city has a population of 165,000 and is located 70 miles east of Pittsburgh and 120 miles west of Harrisburg.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM

A twelve month rotational program beginning July 1 provides diversity of experience. The intern spends two months in pediatrics, two months in obstetrics-gynecology, four months in medicine (including psychiatry) and four months in surgery (including duty in the emergency room); laboratory, anesthesiology and radiology experience is integrated into the total program.

CONFERENCES

Clinical Pathological Conference—biweekly
Educational Conference—weekly
Grand Rounds—monthly
Obstetrical-Pediatric Staff Conference—monthly
Journal Club—weekly
Medical Staff Conference—monthly
Radiology Conference—weekly
Surgical Staff Conferences—monthly
Post-graduate Lectures by nationally known physicians—quarterly

CLINICAL MATERIAL

Over 15,500 admissions a year. Out-Patient visits number over 8,000 in 11 clinics.

In-Patient Diagnosis	*Number of Cases*	*In-Patient Diagnosis*	*Number of Cases*	*Diagnosis In-Patient*	*of Cases Number*
Cancer	436	Neurosurgery	36	Pediatrics	2,615
Communicable	17	Newborn	1,540	Psychiatry	365
Dental	298	Obstetrics	1,862	Surgery	1,473
Gynecology	760	Ophthalmology	259	Tuberculosis	19
Medicine	3,645	Orthopedics	110	Traumatic Surgery	672
Neurology	161	Otorhinolaryngology	184	Urology	768

FACILITIES

The monthly stipend for interns is $300 plus maintenance and uniforms. Living quarters for single interns are provided at the hospital as well as bachelor apartments. Apartments are provided married house staff members.

APPROVED RESIDENCIES

Anesthesiology, Pathology and Surgical Residency appointments are made from the Intern Staff at Memorial Hospital and other approved hospitals.

INVITATION

Medical students are invited to visit the hospital to discuss internship and residence training programs with the Superintendent, the Director of Medical Education, Resident and Intern Staff and Active Staff members.

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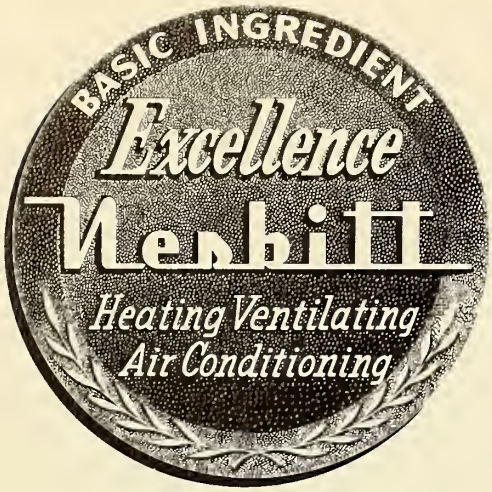

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For internship and residency information, write to: Executive Vice President and Medical Director, Albert Einstein Medical Center, York and Tabor Roads, Philadelphia 41, Pa.

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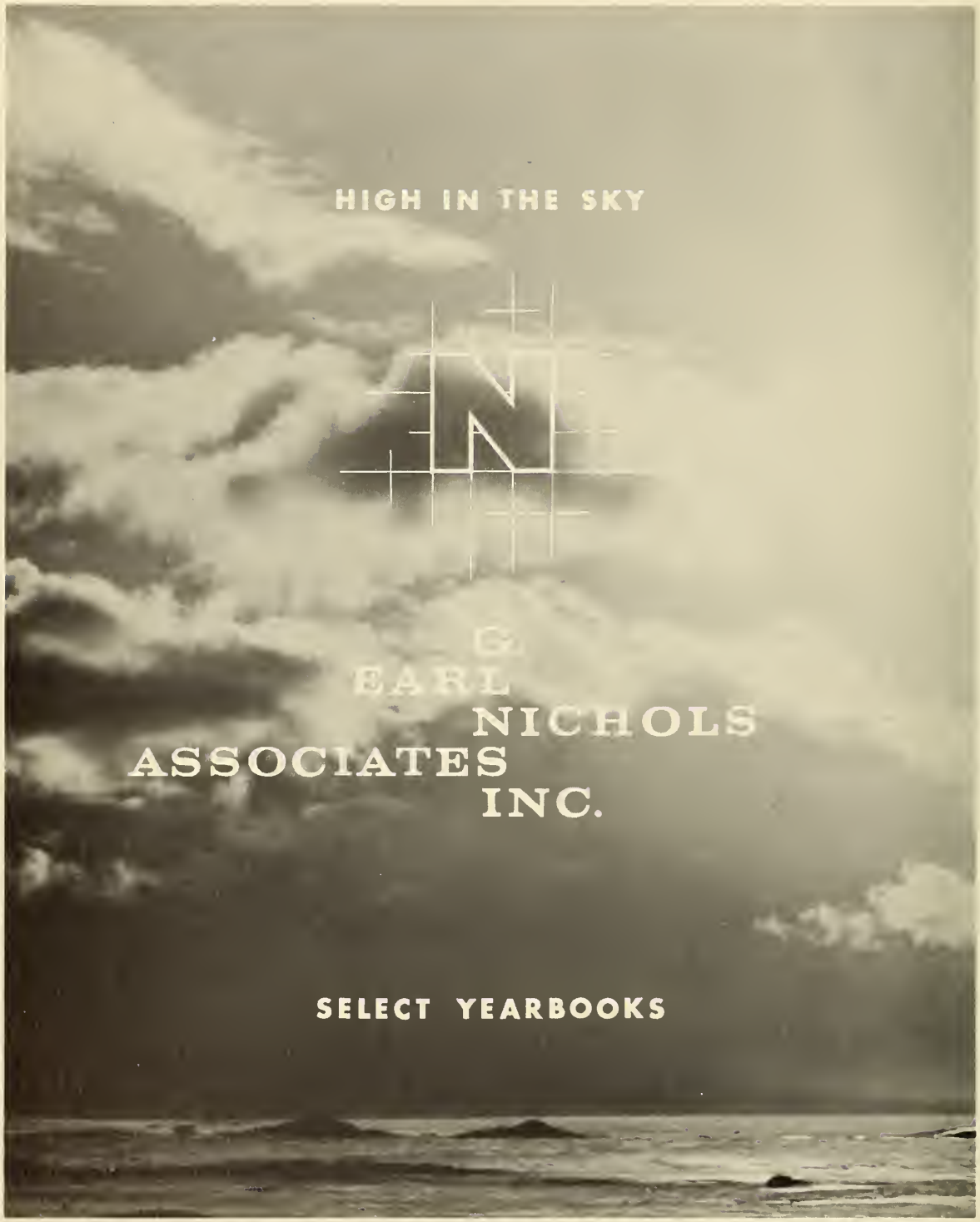

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